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Autumn · 1947

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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For a Revival of Imagination

ACCORDING to Henry Adams, the casual passers-by who scrutinized the symbolic bronze figure designed by St. Gaudens for Mrs. Adams' grave either wanted to be told its meaning or, if they were members of the clergy, denounced the meaning they fancied they saw in it. In both cases they applied to art an attitude appropriate only in a scientific context. This, to Adams, was a characteristic American blunder. But, given an American background, no other response could have been expected.

For nearly two centuries Western civilization has placed a heavy emphasis on one of the two modes of apprehending experience, the mode of analytic reason or scientific inquiry. It has become second nature to think in such terms. The other mode, that of synthetic imagination, of poetry, the arts and religion, has been so shallowly cultivated that its function has been all but forgotten. Poetry, for instance, has been so commonly interpreted as an elaborate way of communicating truths comparable to scientific truths that it has been denatured and deprived of any special significance in the scheme of things. Much energy has been wasted in throwing the teachings of religion into factitious opposition to the conclusions of science. Western intelligence has faced the world with one eye trying to do the work of two, and with a corresponding loss in power of vision.

Neither the operational control over nature that science makes possible nor the inclusive understanding of human attitudes and responses that poetry mirrors can well be spared. But at present children in the nursery play with electronics, and high school boys are well up on nuclear fission. It is the language of imagination that stands in need of revival. Many literate people have still to

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overcome their predisposition to conceive of a poem as an exalted sentiment artificially expressed in rhyme; they have still to ponder the implications of Edwin Arlington Robinson's careful saying: "Poetry is a language that tells us, through a more or less emotional reaction, something that cannot be said." A poem, in other words, is a dynamic structure of tensions that can be felt but never completely restated in any form other than that of the poem itself. Poetry is at the height of its achievement when it manages to contain and reconcile whole systems of conflicting ideas. Its ultimate pattern is paradox. One may almost say that poetry is the art of suggesting how differing values may be adjusted without sacrificing any of them to make the adjustment easy.

A scientific habit of mind, with its tendency to press for definite solutions, is perhaps not the happiest approach to the world as we now find it. A deliberate immersion in poetry would seem to be better calculated to prepare us for the comprehension of opposing views within a single frame of order, for an inclusive understanding of total situations, and for a large and undismayed mental tolerance. If our civilization is not to become a breeding ground for beasts of prey armed with fangs of inconceivable power, the capacities of mind and heart that poetry is peculiarly organized to foster will need to be systematically cultivated. Otherwise, nothing can prevent "things rank and gross in nature" from possessing our "unweeded garden" as they recently possessed Germany's.

There can be no argument concerning the necessity of training multitudes of scientists, engineers, technicians and social workers to keep the world in running order. They must be forthcoming. What needs to be emphasized by conscious intention is the side of education not obviously required by the pressures of our time, but necessary in the long run to preserve humanity from degeneration. The poet and the teacher of literature have work to do not less exacting and important than that of engineers and scientists. It would be ironic if we attained unlimited power over nature without the maturity of mind to know what to make of it.

George F. Whicher

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The Devil Is Dead, And What a Loss!

Gerald W. Johnson

OPTIMISTS among us have cherished the delusion, in recent years, that the United States has attained a level of intellectual maturity at which public opinion will no longer tolerate attempts by magistrates to set themselves up as censors of morals, as far as literature and the arts are concerned. But their optimism has been rudely jarred since the day of Japan's collapse; for the last two years have seen a veritable epidemic of attacks on books, plays and other forms of expression — even a statue was removed from one show in New York, although that was done by private, not public, censors. The number and violence of the assaults almost equal those that followed the collapse of the Kaiser in 1918.

Plainly, a recrudescence of Puritanism — meaning, of course, not the theology and ethics of Cromwell and Cotton Mather, but the tyrannical Bluenose — has developed in the United States, and some examination of its nature and origin is essential to an understanding of the prevailing mental climate of the country. There are indications that it differs in important respects from the old Puritanism with which we are familiar; for one thing there is no evidence that it is based upon a revival of belief in theocracy, for there has been none. If you question its strength, though, you should consult one of the publishers who has fought his way through the courts, or a radio commentator suddenly cut off the

© GERALD W. JOHNSON, formerly an editorial writer for the Baltimore Sun, is now a free-lance newspaperman and reviewer. Among his many books are *Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat?* and *American Heroes and Hero-Worship*. He is publishing in October a biographical study of John Paul Jones.

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air, or any script writer in Hollywood. They all know that not in many years has free expression of opinion in America been so dangerous.

In the absence of religious fanaticism, the only explanation of tolerated censorship is fear. Superficially, it would seem to be preposterous to suggest that the United States is terror-stricken. Never before in its history has it possessed military strength so prodigious, absolutely or relatively. Our navy is by long odds the mightiest afloat. Our army has recently proved that its high mechanization, rather than the number of its soldiers, has made it capable of shattering simultaneously two of the most powerful armies that the world has ever seen. A hideous war lasting six years has broken down and destroyed the efficiency of every other military power in the world except one, and that one is a land power far removed from contact with our borders except at a single remote point, the extreme tip of Alaska.

Strategically, therefore, the United States would seem to be safer than it has been at any time since 1776.

Economically, the wealth of the United States, as measured in money, is greater than at any previous time, and this in spite of frightful expenditures during the war. The national debt of 260 billions is almost all held by our own people. Paying it will be simply a matter of transferring money from one pocket to another. If every dollar were paid off tomorrow, practically no money would leave the country. Our industrial equipment is enormously greater and more efficient than ever before. Our labor force is larger and better trained than ever before. The productivity of our soil per acre has been increasing, not decreasing, especially since the Soil Conservation Program began to work in a big way. Our forests and mineral resources have been depleted by the war, but intelligent effort can easily restore the forests within one generation. Only in minerals have we suffered anything that can properly be called a permanent economic loss.

Economically, the country is in a far sounder position than it was in, say, 1933.

Politically, the divisions among our people have been eroded and erased to the point at which since 1946 we have had virtually

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one-party government. The really sharp differences now are not between the parties, but between factions within the parties — between Northern Democrats and "Rankin Republicans" from the South, and between Old Guard Republicans and Sons of the Wild Jackass. Emphatically, there is no danger that the parties will resort to violence to settle their differences, as there was in 1876, when the Hayes-Tilden dispute threatened civil war.

Politically, there is less danger of a *coup d'état* today than at almost any other period in our national history.

Strategically, economically, politically, the United States enjoys in 1947 a security the like of which it has never attained before. Yet terror is the order of the day. Vice societies prosecute authors, even poets, as they have rarely prosecuted them before. Business interests purge the radio. Congress offers to make membership in the Communist party a crime. If this were done, there are grounds for fear that membership in the Socialist party would soon be condemned, and then suspicion of adherence to the New Deal would be enough for an indictment. The President of the United States demands an appropriation of $25,000,000 to delouse the government service of traitors, who must have been put there by his own party, since it has been in power for fourteen years.

Since neither military power, money power nor partisan rancor offers any threat to our safety, it is evident that the threat must be of an intangible kind. Indeed, this is evident from the form our precautions take. Censoring books, gagging radio comedians, purging the civil service, are not defenses against armed enemies, nor against business competitors, nor even against politicians run mad and turned Populist. Such a program, if it is effective against anything, can be effective only against what the Japanese police called "dangerous thoughts." What we fear desperately is not the Russians, or the cartels, or the Republicans. The real fear is that the American people are about to get out of hand.

This is something contrary to the old tradition. Time was when it was the fashion to rejoice that no one could control the American people — in their morals, in their speech, or in their political ideas.

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A proposal to censor books could once draw from Jimmy Walker the scornful comment, "I wish the honorable gentleman would cite one instance of a woman's being seduced by a book."

A proposal to purge the list of government employees could once draw from Thomas Jefferson the remark, "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

A proposal to "knock Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat" once drew Woodrow Wilson's approval, but only on condition that the means to that end should be both "effective and dignified." Failing that, he was against the project.

From Jefferson to Jimmy, in short, it was assumed as a matter of course that the people were never in hand and never would be. Now it is assumed that unless we get them and keep them in hand, ruin is just around the corner. So Edmund Wilson and the concocter of *Forever Amber*, whose name I forget, are haled into court charged with using naughty words. So Fred Allen is cut off the air for making unseemly jests about his sponsor. So we are to spend $25,000,000 purging the public payrolls. The nephews of Uncle Sam are to think none but decorous and immaculate thoughts. They are not to have a mind to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. They are not to giggle in the Cathedral of the Holy Dividends. They are not to suspect that there can be other political parties than the existing Janus-faced organization, Democan on one side, Republicrat on the other.

What in the name of all that is preposterous is the basis of this frowsy idiocy?

I suppose there is no short and simple answer. National hysteria rarely results from a single cause, and usually from a complex of many factors. In the instant case, a number come to mind at once — nervous exhaustion following the emotional orgy of a great war, apprehension at finding ourselves suddenly thrust into the leading role among the nations, mass miseducation conducted by able propagandists, the latent but ever-present fear of freedom in the human heart, resentment at having to solve

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problems set by others, and the reaction following a moment of intense fright.

There is one element, however, to which analysts of public affairs rarely pay much attention, but which may be more important than they suppose. This is sheer boredom following the death of the Devil.

For the spirit of Puritanism has never been wholly eradicated from the American mind, and it is characteristic of Puritanism that while it may get along comfortably enough without God — witness the host of Puritanical agnostics, from Bob Ingersoll to Clarence Darrow — it has always found the Devil indispensable. He is Protean in his manifestations, of course, but he must exist in some shape if the Puritan is to live comfortably.

Beginning in 1933, we had a highly efficacious Devil in the person of Adolf Hitler, whom we hated with a satisfaction that rose in a steep crescendo into frenetic exultation at the end of a dozen years. But then the inconsiderate Russians shot down his capital about his ears and buried him in its flaming ruins. By the rules of the game we had to thank them, of course, and we did; but it really left a great vacuum in our lives. The Mikado served briefly as a substitute, but he soon bowed himself out of the role, and there we were left, all wound up to hate furiously, and with nobody to hate.

It has taken us nearly two years to perceive the obvious and elect Stalin to the vacancy. In fact, we have not been able to make it unanimous even yet, for Henry Wallace is still howling a contrary vote up and down the land, and until we corral him and his following in concentration camps there will always be doubts that Stalin is the real thing. But time passes. We have no really effective Devil, and the high-pressure hatred generated within our bosoms must have an outlet or we shall choke.

In the circumstances, it was perhaps inevitable that the blushful books, the impudent jokesmiths and the always vulnerable bureaucrats should come in for a vigorous fustigation. It may be, indeed, that it is fortunate that these became the victims, for otherwise we might have vented our uneasiness on Negroes and Jews, with results infinitely more damaging socially. After all,

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jailing a few authors and turning a few radio comedians and jobholders out to starve is not nearly as bad as murdering an indefinite number of persons belonging to racial and religious minorities.

For it is characteristic of the Puritan that he cannot live at ease with his own conscience unless he is persecuting somebody. He has never really accepted the Pauline doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement; in theory he adheres to it, of course, but in actual fact his philosophy parallels the Hindu doctrine of Karma — that is to say, the theory that he must atone for his own sins. He diverges from Hinduism in holding that this is not to be accomplished through reincarnation, but by the neater and simpler process described by Samuel Butler —

> Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to.

Censorship of books, for example, is an advantageous katharsis for the semi-literate. Discreetly administered, it may compound for a vast deal of lechery actively practiced. Similarly, cropping the ears of comedians undoubtedly affords relief to the humorless who are troubled by knowledge of their own tendency to extortion and excess. As for applying the bastinado to jobholders, that has been regarded as a manifestation of civic virtue from time immemorial, and none is more vociferously in favor of it than the man who never takes the trouble to vote.

It is rather hard on the novelists, the clowns and the clerks, but if their pains and penalties serve to divert the Puritan rage into channels less murderous than those it would otherwise follow, perhaps they suffer in a good cause. In any event, there is reason to believe that their present disability will not be of long duration.

They are, in fact, rather poor substitutes for a real Devil. They matter so little. If literature and dramaturgy were completely abolished, the lives of huge masses of the citizenry would be affected not at all. As for jobholders, nobody has ever proposed to abolish them; the sport is merely to throw the present ones out and put others in their places. It is for the entertainment of seeing

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them jump that we propose to spend $25,000,000 — not for the abolition of the species.

Once we have a Mephistopheles of real stature, thoroughly established as the orthodox object of hatred for all well-conducted persons, nobody will waste much time and energy pursuing mere scriveners and mimes. Present indications are that this consummation is about to be effected. Stalin is obviously to be the archfiend, whose damnation will compound for all our agreeable sins. Presumably it will not be the authentic, but a synthetic Stalin, one of our own design, a creation much better adapted to the purpose than the somewhat prosaic, matter-of-fact individual who inhabits the Kremlin. His construction is in progress now, and apparently nothing will be taken from the biological Stalin and incorporated in the psychological Stalin except the fact that he represents communism.

As for communism itself, it has long since undergone a metamorphosis that would bewilder Karl Marx. Communism, American style, seems to be the theory that whenever the consumer is robbed, the wage earner should have a large cut of the swag. Old-fashioned Americanism, on the contrary, holds that it should be split between management and the stockholders in the proportion of 60–40 (or, as the progressives insist, 80–20) in favor of management. To the suppression of the current form of communism, all right-thinking men are now being summoned as to a Holy War. And it seems likely that they will soon be so violently engaged in it that books, plays and statues, if not jobholders, may hope to escape in the confusion.

This is not, it must be admitted, quite the ideal solution. In the first place, there is a group of eccentrics who hold that the consumer should not be robbed at all. But these are, at best, only a splinter faction — in numbers and influence comparable to the Dukhobors in the religious world. They are not practical men, and most of them are under suspicion of adherence to the memory of F. D. (Antichrist) Roosevelt, so they may be disregarded.

A more serious objection is the fact that the biological Stalin may get the idea that the epithets we apply to the psychological Stalin are intended to apply to him and so grow peevish. This is

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serious, for he can hit hard. It is authoritatively stated that he already has at least one atomic fission pile now in operation — which means that he has the material of the atomic bomb. All he needs now is to learn how to detonate it, and he will be in position to come over the Arctic and knock Chicago into the middle of Lake Michigan.

The flat truth seems to be that it is by no means certain that the election of Stalin as Devil-in-chief will be an improvement, even though it may mean a better chance for American novelists to wear their stripes vertically, instead of horizontally. As long as soulful descriptions of fornication and funny business men remain, in American opinion, the most flagitious of all crimes, the pursuit of artists, literary and other, might engage the Puritan almost to the exclusion of the pursuit of Russians; and censorship at its bitterest cannot have repercussions that would vaporize Chicago.

But it cannot be. The artist is, at best, but a bush-league Devil — an Azazel, perhaps, or a Mammon, but certainly not a Beelzebub, still less a Lucifer. The proud Puritan spirit is not satisfied to contend with such; our sins cannot be compounded by belaboring anything less than an out-sized, jet-propelled, supersonic Satan, and Stalin seems to be the only candidate in sight who meets the specifications. There is little hazard in the flat prophecy that he is It.

There are, indeed, now as always, certain antinomians who scoff at the necessity of erecting any Devil at all. Having got rid of Hitler, they are content to do without. Puritanism, they point out, is a religion that prevents nobody from sinning, but does prevent anybody from enjoying it. Since America is obviously bent upon sinning in flagrant and scarlet fashion anyhow, they would have us relax and enjoy it. But this is as impractical as the gift of milk which Mr. Wallace did not recommend for the Hottentots. Puritan we are, and Puritan we shall doubtless remain indefinitely. If that involves us in any unnecessary war, the fact is to be regretted. But to suggest that at this late date we should bend our energies to the elimination of Puritanism from our mental make-up is certainly un-American and perhaps un-

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constitutional. The Devil is dead, and we must speed the search for another.

For until one is found we cannot hope to return to our normal state of terror and misery. At best, we can only be afraid of a moral collapse, which is not much of a terror, and lament the deterioration of manners and taste, which is no real misery. The Devil that censorship belabors is only *papier-mâché*. We need one that can be worked on by the F.B.I., the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion, and the heroic taxi-drivers of Greenville, South Carolina. Until we find him our lives will be somewhat empty, somehow lacking in savor.

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Music Is International

W. H. Auden

Orchestras have so long been speaking
This universal language that the Greek
And the Barbarian have both mastered
Its enigmatic grammar which at last
Says all things well. But who is worthy?
What is sweet? What is sound? Much of the earth
Is austere, her temperate regions
Swarming with cops and robbers; germs besiege
The walled towns, and among the living
The captured outnumber the fugitive.
Where silence is coldest and darkest,
Among the staring blemishes that mark
War's havocking slot, it is easy
To guess what dream such vaulting cries release:
The unamerican survivor
Hears angels drinking fruit-juice with their wives
Or making money in an open
Unpolicied air. But what is our hope,
As with an ostentatious rightness
These gratuitous sounds like water and light
Bless the Republic? Do they sponsor
In us the mornes and motted mammelons,
The sharp streams and sottering springs of
A commuter's wish, where each frescade rings
With melodious booing and hooing
As some natural lovejoy deigns to woo,
And nothing dreadful ever happened?

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Probably yes. We are easy to trap,
  Being Adam's children, as thirsty
For mere illusion still as when the first
  Comfortable heresy crooned to
The proud flesh founded on the self-made wound,
  And what we find rousing or touching
Tells us little and confuses us much.
  As Shaw says: "Music is the brandy
Of the damned." It was from the good old grand
  Composers the progressive kind of
Tyrant learned how to melt the legal mind
  With a visceral a-ha; fill a
Dwarf's ears with sforzandos and the dwarf will
  Believe he's a giant; the orchestral
Metaphor bamboozles the most oppressed;
  As a trombone the clerk will bravely
Go oom-pah oom-pah to his minor grave:
  So that today one recognizes
The Machiavel by the hair in his eyes,
  His conductor's hands. Yet the jussive
Elohim are here too, asking for us
  Through the noise. To forgive is not so
Simple as it is made to sound; a lot
  Of time will be quite wasted, many
Promising days end badly, and again
  We shall offend. But let us listen
To the song which seems to absorb all this,
  For these halcyon structures are useful
As structures go — though not to be confused
  With anything really important
Like feeding strays or looking pleased when caught

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By a bore or a hideola;
Deserving nothing, the sensible soul
Will rejoice at the sudden mansion
Of any joy: besides, there is a chance
We may some day need very much to
Remember when we were happy. One such
Future would be the exile's ending,
With no graves to visit, no socks to mend,
Another, to be short of breath yet
Staying on to oblige, postponing death.
Listen! Even the dinner waltz in
Its formal way is a voice that assaults
International wrong, so quickly,
Completely delivering to the sick,
Sad, soiled prosopon of our aging
Present the perdition of all her rage.

© W. H. AUDEN is one of the best known of contemporary poets. His most recent book, *The Age of Anxiety*, appeared last summer.

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The South: 1850

Van Wyck Brooks

PHILADELPHIA was the port whence the great stream of Scotch-Irish settlers had spread through Pennsylvania to the West and the South, flowing down the Valley of Virginia and covering the clefts and mountain slopes with red-brick dwellings, hamlets, spires and manses. Most of the new Southern leaders were of Scotch-Irish descent, Calhoun, Toombs, Alexander Stephens, Jefferson Davis, and theirs was the stock of "Stonewall" Jackson, who was living and teaching at Lexington, where the blue limestone streets looked hard and grim. So, at least, thought John S. Wise when he rode over from Richmond to call on the Presbyterian girls who lived there. He never forgot their vault-like parlours, the horsehair sofas, the drawn curtains, the engravings of Oliver Cromwell and the Rock of Ages. It was all as chilly as a dog's nose, formal, dark and stiff and very unlike the Virginia in which he was at home.

There was much else, to be sure, in the valley, where the novelist John Esten Cooke was born, — he still returned to spend his summers there, — much that was warm and expansive too, Virginians of the convivial sort, sportsmen, lovers of scenery, lovers of horses. This was the region that Governor Spotswood explored in the days of the first King George when he founded his well-known order of the Golden Horse Shoe, and Cooke had gathered in his boyhood there from the country people and village folk many of the stories that appeared in his romances. The valley, with its green floor, teemed with historical memories, as thick as

◎ VAN WYCK BROOKS, distinguished author and critic, is probably best known for his critical studies in American literature, among which are *The Flowering of New England* (*1815–1865*) and *New England: Indian Summer* (*1865–1915*).

This article is part of a chapter from Mr. Brooks's recently completed book, *The Times of Melville and Whitman*, to be published by E. P. Dutton & Company this fall.

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the blossoming locusts and the blue-grass verdure, the oaks and the climbing red roses in the quiet gardens, but the suggestion of coldness and grimness that John Wise found in Lexington was also a part of the atmosphere, especially at the moment. While, generally, the Southern way of living was genial, elastic and hearty still, an icy wind blew over the mind of the South, which had grown singularly narrow and bleak in many a notable case as compared with its warmth and breadth in earlier times. It had lost its universality and the spaciousness of feeling that characterized so many of the older statesmen, the sympathetic amplitude that went with Jeffersonianism, which the new Southern thinkers derided or ignored. The day had long since passed when Stephen Girard of Philadelphia named his ships after Voltaire and other free-thinkers, and especially in the Southern states people spoke of deists now as they spoke of thieves and murderers. For the evangelical sects were in power,[1] and political heresy-hunters were active in a land where people were constrained in their opinions. The liberal old Virginians had yielded to the "cotton snobs," the new-rich cotton planters who reigned over the region and who were determined to spread their empire through Cuba, Mexico and Central America, controlling the government at Washington by acting as a group. With none of the scruples of the older gentry, they bred slaves for the market and presently reopened the long-abandoned slave trade, directing the policy of editors and colleges and churches that had formerly opposed the system, like Calhoun himself. The ministers supported slavery, citing Scripture for it, professors acclaimed and extolled it, citing the classics, and more and more boldly the leaders of thought in the South defended the principle of caste and the law of force.[2] They vindicated the order of nature in which animals preyed on one another and the natural propensity of men to grovel or to

[1] The South became, so to speak, officially Calvinistic just at the moment when New England ceased to be so.

The English deist, Jefferson's friend, Dr. Thomas Cooper, the president of the College of South Carolina, was tried for his "shameful atheism" and forced to resign in 1833. Similarly President Horace Holley was deposed at the university (Transylvania at Lexington, Kentucky) which owed its importance so largely to him.

[2] E.g., Thomas R. Dew, William Harper and George Fitzhugh, whose writings suggested at many points the later apologetics of Nazism and Fascism in Europe.

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rule, and this new Carlylean point of view, — for the vogue of Carlyle was widespread in the South,[3] — was peremptorily enforced by law or controlled opinion.

It was true that the older type of mind, spacious and humane, survived and even flourished here and there, in the most intolerant regions, moreover, or those where the new thought most prevailed, Calhoun's South Carolina and Mississippi. There was no living American who was more truly a citizen of the world, in the old Jeffersonian way, than Joel R. Poinsett, the Charleston friend of Petigru and William J. Grayson, the poet, who were also opposed to the sectionalism of the adored Calhoun. This first American minister to Mexico, whence he had brought back the Christmas flower and plant that bore his name, retained the universal mind, with the courtier's manner and the versatile charm, of the days before cotton filled the horizon of the South. In years of travel in his youth he had visited Madame de Staël, studied at Edinburgh, lived for a while in Russia, and in 1811 President Madison had sent him to Chile and Argentina to cultivate friendly relations with these embryo republics. As one of the Americans, like Madison and Clay, for whom their country was ordained to establish an order superior to that of the old world, he encouraged the liberals in these insurgent colonies of Spain on this first of the inter-American "good will" missions. Then Poinsett, as secretary of war, furthered the exploration of the West, enabling the Charlestonian Frémont to show what he was made of, while he appointed Charles Wilkes to command the South Sea expedition, and tried to secure George Catlin's pictures for the nation. A naturalist and an antiquarian, always a patron of learning and art, he had helped Prescott in his work on the Mexican conquest, preserved examples of the Indian crafts, rescued Peruvian manuscripts and made a collection of ancient Mexican sculpture. Still later, on the Pedee River, he had experimented with grapes and rice, assembling countless specimens of trees and shrubs from all over the world in the park that surrounded his plantation-house. Benjamin L. C. Wailes of Natchez, the Mississippi plant-

[3] The Carlyle admired by these Southern thinkers was the author of *Cromwell* and *Frederick the Great*. It was mainly the author of *Sartor Resartus* who was admired in New England.

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er, showed some of this Jeffersonian breadth of mind, although Wailes's interests were those of a naturalist mainly whose father had been one of Audubon's hosts and friends. He studied the aboriginal mounds, collected fish for Agassiz, and reptiles, eggs and shells for the Smithsonian Institution, assisted Joseph Leidy in his work on prehistoric life and arranged and conducted an important museum of his own.

No doubt there were many Southerners still of this old and delightful classic type like Wailes of Mississippi and Poinsett of South Carolina, the states that were leading the others in the movement for secession, but certainly the new public men had none of their universality and even Calhoun seemed bigoted and insular beside them. The leaders of the "cotton kingdom" knew little of the world outside and they looked towards Europe chiefly for aid, towards the West merely to extend their power, towards Latin America only as a field of conquest. Too self-absorbed for curiosity, narrow, legalistic, with scarcely a trace of the older disinterested mind, they studied antiquity in the main for the purpose of bolstering their own regime and looked to the future for an endless repetition of the present. They took John Randolph as their model, the enemy of Jefferson, who resented the democratic changes that his kinsman had wrought and who wished to revive primogeniture and entail, while he clung to the past, contemned the West and reverted to an outworn colonialism in matters of culture.

Survivors of the old school were apt to look down on the new politicians, regarding them as partisans rather than statesmen, yet they represented the mind of the region, as the cotton-power had formed it, better perhaps than the novelists and men of letters. Where the mails were closed to dissentient books and agents were punished for selling them, the writers were "tongue-tied by authority," at least in a measure,[4] and they very seldom

[4] "The Southern Thackeray of the future will doubtless be surprised to learn that if he had put in an appearance half a century sooner he would probably have been escorted beyond the limits and boundaries of our Southern clime astraddle of a rail. Thackeray satirized the society in which he moved and held up to ridicule the hollow hypocrisy of his neighbours. He took liberties with the people of his own blood and time that would have led him hurriedly in the direction of bodily discomfort if he had lived in the South." — Joel Chandler Harris, editorial in the Atlanta *Constitution*, 1879.

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rose above the conventional grooves of thought and feeling, while the statesmen, who shared none of their doubts, were bold and frank. The writers, moreover, were not highly esteemed; in fact, they were scarcely respected at all; they were commonly treated with "contumely and a thinly veiled contempt," as Paul Hamilton Hayne observed in a letter. This attitude had never changed since the days when Ralph Izard of South Carolina had been sent as minister to Tuscany in the seventeen-nineties. Finding himself in Paris one evening at Benjamin Franklin's house, in the company of Buffon, Turgot, Condorcet and D'Alembert, he asked, "Why couldn't we have some of the *gentlemen* of France?" Three quarters of a century later, Mrs. Chesnut in her *Diary from Dixie* referred to writers generally as "literary fellows," and the scorn and neglect they had to endure, their "discouragements,"[5] their "embarrassments," [6] were a constant burden of comment in their essays and their letters. They were driven to complain of their isolation, the uncongeniality of the atmosphere, the limited audience at best which the South afforded, conditions that obliged them to publish their work in the North or abroad if they wished it to receive the least attention. The thinkers of the "cotton kingdom" contemplated a great society where art, philosophy and literature were to rise and thrive, while actually the system they sustained still further blighted a literary mind that had scarcely as yet begun to develop in the South. They did not correct the disesteem in which writers had always been held in a region where Hugh Legaré lamented that the literary fame of his earlier days had hampered his professional advancement and local recognition. It mortified Henry Timrod, the poet, to compare the standing of the Northern writers with the stolid indifference of the

[5] Paul Hamilton Hayne. "But ah! sir, to a young literary aspirant, it is very hard to know that his *very profession* is looked upon with contempt, or, at best, a sort of half-pitying patronage by those he would fain delight and satisfy." — Letter to James Russell Lowell. "These Southern communities, intelligent in other respects, actually look down upon the *Litterateur*, with a species of scorn, as a half crazed enthusiast, having no firm, wholesome root in the soil of social existence." — Letter to Moses Coit Tyler.

[6] Henry Timrod. "In no country in which literature has ever flourished has an author obtained so limited an audience . . . It would scarcely be too extravagant to entitle the Southern author the Pariah of modern literature . . . Not once, but a hundred times, we have heard the works of the first of Southern authors (Simms) alluded to with contempt by individuals who had never read anything beyond the title-pages of his books." — *Literature in the South.*

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Southerners towards their own, while Hayne expressed to Lowell the sadness that he felt when he thought of the literary society of his friends in Boston.[7]

Few and depressed as the writers were, — at least, as they were apt to be whenever they cherished serious aspirations, — they shared John Randolph's tendencies in retiring from national to sectional concerns, in clinging to the past, in reclaiming the heritage of England. At the moment when literature in the North was making its independence good in the name of an autonomous America with a genius of its own, the Southern writers, disconnected from this larger movement of the national mind, resumed their ancestral feeling for the mother-country. They remembered that Shakespeare was inspired to write *The Tempest* by a romantic event in the history of the Dominion, and it pleased the "first families" to give their places English names like "Stonehenge" and to think of the English pimpernel growing in their soil. More than ever the writers dwelt on the cavaliers of colonial times, who appeared in John Esten Cooke's novels, in the train of Caruthers, and they delighted in recalling that the old Dominion was the oldest community of Englishmen outside England. In their dream of "Southern books written by Southern gentlemen," they repudiated the potent influence of the New England writers, seizing on Poe's remarks discrediting them, although Simms broke only at the last his lifelong friendship with Bryant's circle and Hayne was devoted to Emerson, Whittier and Lowell. The Northern writers were too often tainted with a dangerous anti-slavery feeling. Just so Southerners more and more withdrew from the Northern colleges and schools, to the vast numerical advantage of the colleges of the South, and they travelled at home rather than abroad, rambling through western Virginia, summering in the mountains, visiting the caverns and the springs. They felt a sort of obligation to show the world outside the graces and beauties of the Southland and its picturesqueness, a motive that

[7] "It is *too* true that to any earnest literary mind the society of the South *is* uncongenial.

"You will not deem me unpatriotic, or false to my people and section, in making *such* a confession. But often, — how often! — I think of the dear friends I have in Boston, and contrasting the society *there*, and the society in Charleston, (I mean of the literary kind), it is impossible for me to feel otherwise than sad." — Letter to Lowell.

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General Strother shared in his charming *Virginia Illustrated*, the book for which he assumed the name Porte Crayon. He related in this the engaging story of the belle of Cacapon Valley, the true Virginia girl Sally Jones, who refused to follow her father west when he sold his fertile ancestral farm and set out for the Rockies, the Pacific, the Columbia River. She offered herself to any young man who had the spunk to ask her to stay, and Porte Crayon did not fail to remark that if all the girls were like Sally Jones the prosperity of the Old Dominion would be permanent and solid. Meanwhile, the new plantation literature, as it was called in later days, became a political instrument of the cotton regime, an apology for it that was also a glorification, and the critical attitude itself was felt to be disloyal after *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared in 1852.[8] Many writers rose at once to give the lie to Mrs. Stowe and to prove that the Southern system was both lovable and just, and scores of "domestic romances" appeared, creating a picture of the South that lingered on for decades and became a legend. They were tales of palatial plantation-houses where all the men were cavaliers and the women were all exquisite heroines, tender and true, where the slaves were invariably devoted and happy and visiting Yankees were abashed and amazed by a culture that had never been heard of in benighted New England.

This rapturous vision of the Southern romancers was destined to survive the Civil War, — in which flags were commonly described as oriflammes, — and it sprang partly from the need of defending the South in the face of a world that was hostile to Southern institutions. It was true too that the new-rich planters wished the writers to create a noble Southern past that enhanced their prestige. Yet this was only half the story, — there were other elements behind the vision, — it conventionalized much that was actual, authentic, true. The convention was largely shaped by Scott, whom Southerners especially idolized, and other his-

[8] The editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* wrote as follows to the reviewer of this book: "I would have the review as hot as hell-fire, blasting and searing the reputation of the vile wretch in petticoats who could write such a volume."

The obsession of slavery completely dominated the critical mind. For another instance, Webster's Dictionary was ostracized in Tennessee because of its definition of a slave as "a person subject to the will of another, a drudge." — See F. G. Davenport, *Cultural Life in Nashville, 1825–1860.*

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torians and romancers of the feudal world,—Froissart, for one, a favourite of the Southern writers, — and it gained its power not merely because it expressed an ideal of the South but because it corresponded in a fashion with the realities of life there. Ancient ways survived there, vestigial remains of earlier times, and in many respects the region was still genuinely feudal, while, as Thackeray observed when he visited Richmond in 1856,[9] the Virginians were more like the English than Americans elsewhere. They had remained more like the English because their life had changed less and because their American nationality had never been very real to them as compared with their allegiance and devotion to the region, to the state. The Revolution, for the South, had been much more political than social and had left the old order largely as it was before, while the Industrial Revolution that severed the link with the feudal past had touched the South even less, far less, than England. The gentry in the older states had carried on without a break immemorial customs that had long since vanished elsewhere, and tournaments were held as annual events in Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina in spite of the disapprobation of the killjoy preachers.[10] Young men tilted on decorated steeds and the Queen of Love and Beauty, surrounded by her maids of honour, crowned the victor, a relic of the antique fairs that vanished[11] as the rising puritanism more and more steadily blighted the gaieties of old. Fox-hunting remained a pastime not of the fashionable few alone but of many a simple old country doctor also, who was passionately fond of the chase and kept his own hounds, while men of spirit followed the *code duello*, in perfect good faith, well into the seventies and beyond. Certain

[9] When John Esten Cooke interviewed him. Thackeray was at that time planning to write *The Virginians* and made some studies for the background of this novel.

[10] Similar survivals in Brazil are described in *Rebellion in the Backlands* (Os Sertoes) by Euclides da Cunha. Festivals and cavalcades, wholly forgotten in Portugal, were preserved for three centuries in all their details in the backland settlements. One of these was the Camisado, adhering to the most remote traditions, representing nocturnal assaults and ancient sallies against Moorish castles. They were staged by the light of lanterns and grass torches with long processions of men on foot clad in white. Others wore Musselman garb, while still others were on horseback dressed in weird animal disguises. Their skirmishes and mock encounters were the greatest delight of the backwoods people.

[11] From the foreground of society. In the most primitive rustic form, tournaments were still to be seen as late as 1936 in Maryland, at least.

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of these customs were revived artificially in later days and much of the mediævalism was factitious in the fifties, worked up to lend an air to the new regime, as the so-called domestic romances showed only the amenities of Southern life, dissembling or glossing whatever was unjust or unpleasant. But the feudal note in these romances existed here and there in fact, and Scott was really closer to this old plantation world than writers who spoke for the nineteenth century elsewhere. When the Southern ruling class called itself "the chivalry," it challenged the wit of others who were less self-immersed, though Southerners were generally cavaliers in the most primitive sense, at least, — they spent much of their lives on horseback, always armed. And as for their dream of chivalrous times, one saw how genuine it could be when Sidney Lanier set out for the Civil War, a Georgian who had been brought up on Scott and Froissart in his father's house and thought of himself as a knight who was also a minstrel. He saw in himself, in all sincerity, a troubadour wandering about the world, with a lute and the ribbon of his lady-love slung on his back. The fact that the lute was a flute did not alter the vision.

These actual Southern states of mind and these customs and modes of behaviour, together with the singular characters who expressed and upheld them, appeared occasionally in the books of the time, enough to excite one's regret that literature so failed to do justice to life in the South. What would not readers in later days have given for a genius of the fifties, a Virginian Turgenev, a Gogol of South Carolina, who could have amplified the glimpses that actual writers conveyed of the picturesque, noble or fantastic people of the South. What made many of these characters so striking was that they lived in a timeless world, a society that was little touched by modern conditions, so that they embodied traits of the eighteenth, seventeenth, sixteenth centuries, either wholly unaltered or so altered as to be still more striking. There was William Walker, for one example, the filibuster from Tennessee, a well-trained surgeon who had studied medicine in Paris, in whom all the accretions of the modern man merely threw into bolder relief a character that properly belonged in Elizabethan times. Half-consciously an agent of the cotton kingdom that as-

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pired to be an empire, this latter-day Cortes had much of the original in him, and Sam Houston had still more of the ancient swashbuckler in a composition that savoured, like so many others, of the militant South. Knight-errantry and quixotism throve on every hand there, ideals of the moment were mingled with ideals of the past, and men could be taken for practical leaders who ignored in their dream of romance the most essential elements in the situation. Robert Barnwell Rhett, for instance, was wholly oblivious of economics when he strove to make South Carolina an independent nation: he proposed to liberate it as Perseus freed Andromeda, and he thought of this purely in terms of knightly prowess. The romantic type of the soldier of fortune existed in the North, of course, in stirring figures like Samuel Gridley Howe, the champion of the Greek revolution and later of the Poles, but it seemed more congruous with the South when James J. Pettigrew, the Charleston lawyer, fought for the "sacred liberty" of the Italians. For the Southerners were generally less given to counting costs. It was part of their code to think of life as something to be "put in risk," as Shaler said, "in the pursuit of manly ideals," and this explained the violence of the South, and some of its courtliness too, survivals of the seventeenth century or the Middle Ages. By no means defending this violence,[12] the Kentuckian Shaler pointed out how much that was obviously admirable lay behind it, how much could be said for a view of life as something to be recklessly cast away for honour, for a generous impulse or the merest whim. This careless irresponsible indifference to life had characterized the greatest ages, which had given more nobility and ability to history than others, and one might have said that the burden of proof lay rather on the modern con-

[12] It is recorded that five editors of the Vicksburg *Journal* were killed in duels within thirteen years. The editor of the Lynchburg *Virginian* was killed in an impromptu duel in front of the market-house in 1851. When Dr. George Bagby alluded to this in his satire *The Virginia Editor* he was challenged at once to a duel by a reader who thought the satire was directed at him.

In his *Autobiography*, Shaler, discussing the "fighting propensities" of his native Kentucky, observed that more than thirty of his kindred and friends were killed in "street-fights" after the regulated practice of duelling was abolished.

Colonel E. M. House, in his *Intimate Papers* (I, 25), relating his childhood in Texas, connected the Southern courtesy with the violence of the South: "In Texas . . . no words were wasted. Frequently the first symptom of mild disapproval would be a blow or a revolver shot. People praised us Southerners for our courteous demeanor. We learned it in the school of necessity."

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cern for continued mundane existence at any price. Sometimes blackguardly, often rowdy, especially along the frontier,[13] where it merged with the border ruffianism of the unsettled regions, this headiness and touchiness was a genuine survival of the chivalrous life that appeared in a variety of types all over the South. Many different points of view had chivalrous defenders there, and the deadliest of all the foes of slavery was also a Southerner born and bred, the first candidate of the new Republican party. Frémont in 1856 brought to the abolitionist cause the ardour with which others championed the Southern system. He fought for the freedom of the Negroes as he would have fought for Jerusalem if he had lived in the days of the actual Crusaders.

Bizarre or noble, these provocative types[14] seldom appeared on the printed page, not merely because there was no one with the genius to describe them. It did not interest Southerners to read about themselves or people they knew and encountered in their ordinary living, and this alone was enough to discourage the writers. There were many readers like Mrs. Lightfoot in Ellen Glasgow's *The Battle-Ground* who detested Dickens's common chimney-sweeps, while, weeping as they did over *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, they would scarcely have preferred realistic pictures of people they admired and respected. Indifferent as they generally were to psychological observation, they were not given to analysis or the discussion of motives, and nothing could have bored them more than to read about the life they were living with such cheerful insouciance every day. In books they looked for something else, for something far away from home that left the placid flow of their minds unruffled, something that savoured of the past, of England, of a stable unchanging social scene that was undisturbed by new ideas or "progress."

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[13] Where Mark Twain found "Tennessee journalism . . . too stirring" for him. This was when he, or the narrator of the sketch, had been so "freckled with bullet-holes" that his skin would not hold his "principles" any longer.

[14] One of the noble was Leonidas Polk, the general who was bishop of Louisiana and who "buckled the sword over the gown," as he said. One of the bizarre was John Wilkes Booth (who assassinated Lincoln), for whom nothing was real but the unreal, the theatrical and romantic. Apparently for Booth the world was a stage on which men were acting, not living, their parts, and he was, as Joel Chandler Harris said, "as much a creature of fiction as you find in books."

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Tall Boys: Sunday Dusk

Frances Frost

The purple ash of evening on the west
has wiped out final flame in the tidal river.
The young have taken stick-bats in to supper.
The tall boys underneath the streetlamp shiver

and speak together quietly of games,
of brothers off in training for some war
not yet devised, of love, and pitching pennies,
glancing shyly, one by one, at the evening star.

© FRANCES FROST is the author of five novels and seven volumes of poetry, the latest of which, *Mid-Century*, was published in 1946. Miss Frost is a contributor to *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *New Yorker*, the *American Mercury* and the *Saturday Review*, and her poems have appeared before in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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My Discovery of America in India

Merle Curti

WE ARE all, of course, aware that American influence has penetrated into Asia, and that (especially since the recent war) peoples in that continent are sensitive to American power and greatly interested in the American Way. But it did not occur to me, in accepting a year ago the invitation of the Watumull Foundation to interpret American history and life to the universities of India that I should learn from my hosts a good deal about my own country. My knowledge of India's image of America is not very extensive, for I was in the country little more than four months. Still, there was an unusual opportunity to see something of the impact of America on India and to sense some part of the Indian picture of the United States. In traveling almost eight thousand miles in the country I saw something of the influence of American missionaries, educators, technicians and business men. Many of these shared with me their impressions of how their activities are regarded and of the attitude of Indians toward America. I also discussed the United States with Indian artists, military officers, swamis, political leaders and business men and, especially, with the students and professors of the twenty-one universities at which I lectured.

Many of the innumerable questions put to me after the lectures seemingly had little relation to anything I had talked about. But the queries were often related to the emphasis in my lectures on those aspects of American history and life which I thought would interest Indians at this crisis in their long history. The subjects chosen included the struggle for American independence, the division and reunion of the nation, the growth of religious tolera-

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tion, the development of American democracy, minority problems, the influence of science and technology on our culture, education and thought, and American policy in Asia.

In beginning the lectures, I indicated briefly some of the things the two countries have in common: the fact that each has tasted the advantages and disadvantages of membership in the British Empire; the importance to each of minority problems and of the federal principle; the debt of Emerson to the sacred writers of ancient India; the lesson of non-violence which Thoreau taught to Ghandi. At the start of a lecture, while pointing out our debt to India, I often quoted the humorous contention that America owed her very existence to India — for it was, of course, while Columbus was trying to discover a new route to India that he bumped right into America — and this always delighted my hearers. But I did not need to plan special introductions or tell funny stories in order to interest my Indian audiences. Whether at universities or schools or other cultural centers or at the Rotary, I found far more interest in America than I could have imagined, and (what was even more striking) attitudes toward the United States which we might do well to think about.

This is not the place to review the history of American economic relations with India, but some of the main facts which were there impressed on my mind serve to illustrate the relationship. The first American ship to enter an Indian port followed closely on the opening of direct commercial relations with Canton in the years immediately following the American Revolution. It was with considerable interest that I learned of the visit of the "Chesapeake" to Indian ports in 1786 and of its warm reception. I was told that American tonnage in the early India trade probably exceeded that in the Canton enterprise, and that a consul was appointed to Calcutta in 1794. In 1857, I discovered, one hundred and fifty-two vessels left British India with cargoes valued at $11,000,000. But our trade, it seems, had little political significance, and in subsequent times dwindled in relative importance.

In our own time, of course, the United States has received from India not only hemp, copra, nuts and Indian crafts and

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luxury goods, but a large part of the mica used in our great steel plants. I found, in talking with Indian business men and in conversations at the several Rotary clubs I addressed, a keen interest in furthering American-Indian trade, especially in importing machine tools, automobiles and chemicals; and I heard many diatribes against the sterling bloc which hampered such imports. I also witnessed the vogue of American movies, a leading source of India's impressions of our life, and of American fountain pens, radios, electric refrigerators and airplanes. Indian air-hostesses on the Tata airways are trained by American air-hostesses, and apparently emulate them in every way! I also saw evidences of the activities of Cal-Tex, Standard Oil and other American oil enterprises, and learned something of the competition they faced from Burma-Shell, hitherto favored by the Government of India.

Indian officials are welcoming the services of American engineers and chemical technicians, and in Travancore I heard much of the Americans who are just completing a great fertilizer plant for the State. British engineers often told me that they doubted whether American methods, based largely on the conception of mass production, would work satisfactorily in a country with such a low purchasing capacity. But Indians themselves look eagerly to American technical aid in developing industry. Indeed, our technology is, if anything, overrated. I did not meet a single young man interested in becoming an applied scientist who was not keen to come to America to learn all about our technological magic.

Many of the leading Indians with whom I spoke believe that their country has much to learn from our technological achievements, both positively and negatively. That is to say, they are of the opinion that India, if it is wise, will not be content merely to borrow American methods. We must, they told me again and again, study American failures as well as successes; we must learn how to prevent technology from being an avenue to power for rising industrialists; we must take steps to socialize the industry we are building; we must, above all, so fit it into our lives that its products may emancipate our masses from drudgery without binding them to the material values which Indian culture, at

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least in theory, has always subordinated. This explains in part the great interest in TVA and in social and economic planning. But I was also told, again and again, that India had even more to learn in this sphere from Soviet Russia, though I saw few evidences of any Russian "penetration."

Thoughtful Indians, however much they admire our technological achievements, are deeply concerned about the possibility of another American depression. Just what, I was asked repeatedly, are your business leaders and your government doing to prevent another catastrophe such as that of 1929? I also frequently met suspicion regarding the future influence of American capitalism in India. Are we merely to shake off the British yoke, they asked, to find ourselves dominated by dollars? I explained that while our business community is interested in world markets, India imports only a tiny fraction of all we send abroad and, indeed, enjoys a favorable balance of trade. But doubts were not thus easily resolved.

By and large, the Indians I met expressed appreciation for the admirable educational work of our missionary enterprises. Such institutions as the Forman Christian College at Lahore, the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, the YMCA College and other American sponsored centers near Madras, have set high standards and are well regarded. So too is the Agricultural Institute at Allahabad, founded by Dr. Higginbotham, whose name is greatly honored. The Institute is now fully affiliated with the University. Indian scholars are not unappreciative of the contributions to linguistics that missionaries have made, in the course of their many decades of labor. Certainly many American missionaries have not only a genuine love of India, but also a thoughtful understanding of its problems. Although some admitted there was truth in the Indian allegation that our missionaries had been pro-British, I encountered almost no resentment toward missionaries as such. To be sure, someone occasionally asked me, "Why does your country try to establish still more religions in India when so many of our troubles result from the fact we already have too much religion?"

Insofar as I could judge, our consular and diplomatic repre-

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sentatives have won the respect and often the admiration of the Indians who come in contact with them. Our mission, subsequently the first foreign embassy in New Delhi, has been deservedly popular. One of our vice-consuls, an unusually charming and intelligent young woman, has won many friends for her country by her understanding interest in all phases of the life of the community. But I was asked on innumerable occasions why the American government had, in view of America's own revolutionary revolt against England, done so little to help the Indians in their struggle for freedom. The report of the Phillips mission during the War was indeed known and appreciated; but the preponderance of opinion was definitely critical. And I had again and again to comment on the failure of our representatives in the United Nations fully to support Mrs. Pandit in her spirited campaign against racial discrimination in South Africa.

The presence of great numbers of American military in India during the War provided the first impressive large-scale contact between Americans and Indians. It is, of course, impossible to evaluate the impact of our GIs on India. I often heard appreciations of the informal friendliness they showed, especially to the children, to whom they gave chocolates and with whom they played various games. Some of these youngsters greeted me as if I were a hero, and expressed the warmest feeling merely because I hailed from the country of some GI who had shown that a white man can treat a dark one with none of the formal aloofness which supposedly has characterized British behavior.

But I heard many stories that revealed a different reaction. One Indian lady, noticing that a GI at a market was under the impression that some fruit cost three rupees instead of three annas, tried to set him right. She was told to mind her own business. "Whose God-damned money is this, anyway?" he bellowed. And I heard the story of the GI who, on a river boat in Bengal, was leaning precariously over the rail. A nearby Indian, wanting to make conversation in a friendly way, bade him take care, since the river was full of very hungry alligators. For his pains he received a "Damn you, nigger, I'll look out for myself." The Indian happened to be a former premier of Bengal.

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The Indians, without doubt, met many instances of American prejudice toward dark-skinned people, and wondered how a country professing to be a democracy and bidding for the leadership of the democratic forces on the world stage could produce such blatant contradictions to the ideal of human equality. There was, in addition, natural resentment at the extravagant spending of American GIs, one effect of which was to "spoil" bearers and taxi-drivers, and to encourage black-marketing and inflation. Indians of the educated class, however, especially those who had been in the States, invited soldiers and sailors to their homes and tried to reveal an aspect of life differing from that of the bazaars and the streets. Some of these GIs became ardent champions of India and, since their return home, have been interpreting India sympathetically to their countrymen and aiding the movement for the mutual understanding of the two countries.

While many Indian political leaders feel that America has little to teach them, some are eager to apply American lessons to their own political problems. The temporary chairman of the Constituent Assembly in his inaugural address spent almost half of his time in discussing the American federal system and in indicating ways in which our federal experience might be valuable to Indians in their efforts to create a central government. The remarkable dewan of Travancore, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayer, told me that he was a great admirer of the American doctrine of separation of powers, and that the constitution he had proposed for the State was inspired by American example. The cabinet system, he explained, simply would not work in India. However suitable it was for England, in India it had led to corrupt alliances between politicians, and to political instability. "C.P.," as he is often called, is an ardent champion of an executive independent of the legislative body and of legislative committees as liaisons with the administrative department of the executive. I was interested in the way in which, despite this admiration for our system, he passed over my remark that whereas in Travancore the dewan or principal executive held office at the pleasure of the maharaja, the American president was elected by popular vote, and therefore responsible to the electorate.

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Indian impressions of American culture present some interesting inconsistencies. On the one hand, I encountered innumerable evidences of admiration of the practical aspects of American education. The British, I was told, have superimposed on the Indians their own educational system; and it has been largely divorced from the actualities of Indian life. India, it was said, must learn from America how to connect theory and practice, not only in the educational system England has given the country, but in modifying traditional Indian culture.

I listened with interest to the story of Indian efforts to develop in their country something like the American emphasis on fusing theory and practice and on mass education of a functional sort. I shall never forget the swami who first told me about Vivekananda, the great religious reformer who came to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893 to teach, and who carried back to India a sharpened zeal for linking religion and social action. Professor Benoy Sarkar of the University of Calcutta told me that, in the early part of the present century, when he was trying to find out something about American universities, he could put his hands on the bulletins of only two institutions — Harvard and Wisconsin. In the Wisconsin catalogue he saw a reference to the traveling libraries which took knowledge to remote rural communities, and straightway inaugurated a similar experiment in Bengal. When Mysore State moved to establish its own university, it sent an educational expert to America, as well as to Europe, to bring back useful suggestions. Interestingly, his report paid special tribute to the University of Wisconsin for the success it had achieved in realizing the concept that the state and the campus were one and the same. I found that his recommendation that Mysore emulate Wisconsin had resulted in the inauguration of an extension service which is one of the bright spots in Indian education.

Willingness to learn from American education was exemplified in 1913 when Tagore announced his intention of sending members of his family to America rather than to Cambridge and Oxford. Inasmuch as American universities had almost no standing in India, many of his friends asked why he was bent on so unusual a

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procedure. The great poet replied that India was an agricultural country; that the United States had learned to make agriculture efficient; that India needed such knowledge; and that therefore he had selected the University of Illinois as the best place for his son and son-in-law to study. Besides, Tagore added, America had a kind of practical idealism which India greatly needs.

From that time on, more and more Indians sought the opportunities offered in American universities. Dr. Ambedkar, leader of the Untouchables, holds a Columbia doctorate. Jai Prakosh Narrain, the principal figure in the left-wing Socialist group in the Congress Party, worked his way through several American institutions — where he learned, among other things, his first lessons in Marxism. I met a score of Indians trained in American universities, many of whom are playing influential roles. Every single one is an enthusiastic admirer of American education. The work of the Watumull Foundation in bringing Indian students and scholars to the United States for advanced studies is widely known in India and abundantly appreciated. To the prevalent appreciation of our education, I must add one or two qualifications: the principal of one teachers' college wondered whether our achievements in mass literacy were really as important as we like to think, and cited the role of propaganda among even our fairly literate. And many, after my lecture on American education, asked whether our schools and universities do not slight the humanistic and cultural values and overemphasize the material and practical ones.

Despite the tendency of Indians to seek American education and to learn from American experience, the Indian universities provide little opportunity to learn much about America. The battle at Calcutta to have outstanding American books included in the list of readings was a stiff one, and even now has only partly succeeded. Indian students coming up for the matriculation examination must, it is true, have some familiarity with that phase of English history in which the thirteen colonies were lost. And in some of the specialized courses, such as world trade, attention must of course be given to American economy. But this is almost all. The University of Lucknow is, I believe, the only

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institution of higher learning in which American history and institutions form a recognized part of the course of study. While I was received virtually everywhere with a warm hospitality that defies description, I was greeted at Lucknow with a very special enthusiasm. I am glad to report that a prize for the best student essay on an American subject has recently been established at Lucknow. I am also glad to report the interest of both Lucknow and Calcutta in establishing chairs of American studies.

The eagerness for information about America is amazing. I found the American Library at Bombay, which grew out of our war information service, crowded with readers. An average of three hundred frequent it daily and make use of its excellent selection of books and periodicals. All the consulates reported an incessant flow of questions about American universities, railways, business methods, medicine and science. Yet despite this interest, ideas about America — even among educated Indians — have been derived largely from the American movies and from *Reader's Digest* and *Life* magazine, all of which are widely circulated. And an even greater number think of America in terms of the sensational reply to Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, which, under the title *Uncle Sham*, is prominently displayed in railway bookstalls.

In the barrage of questions after each lecture that I gave, I encountered a strange miscellany of distorted ideas about America. Do we have no family life? The movies give that impression. Do we have no sex morality? To an Indian the lascivious caresses of the Hollywood stars have only one meaning. Do American children invariably rule their parents? Are American women lacking in femininity? Do American students do nothing but dance, drink and go to football games? Why does the United States have so much crime? These are only a few samples of the queries put to me.

On a level more serious to us, however, were the questions relating to American democracy and to America's new and important role in world politics. It may be worth noting what some of these were. In spite of the progress you have noted in achieving more decent racial relations in America, I was asked, do Americans really expect, in view of prevalent discriminations against

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color, to lead the democratic forces of the world? Is American support of the reactionary Chungking regime designed to promote the emancipation of the Chinese masses from landlords and warlords? Have the American occupations of Korea and Germany actually encouraged democracy, or have they been aimed at safeguarding property institutions and providing a bulwark against the Soviet Union? Why does your government continue to make atomic bombs if it really wants to outlaw them? Why does America assume it is possible and desirable to prevent basic changes from taking place all over the earth? How can Americans support the thesis that they are not playing the game of power politics?

These questions suggest, of course, the left-wing orientation of Indian university students. All these criticisms I met as best I could, conceding some points, setting the questioners right by indicating facts they had ignored, emphasizing the idea that democracy is a process far from completed — a process which can be extended only by the sort of struggles many Americans at home are courageously engaged in making. I could not judge what effects my words had. I do know that they were needed — for America is misunderstood and most Americans have little conception of the unfavorable impression many of our acts have on peoples in other parts of the world.

India is today confronted by problems that seem insoluble. She has to come to grips with virtually all the issues that trouble us — with the consequences of industrialization and technology, with the growth of class consciousness, with socialism and communism. But in addition, she is contending with a whole series of problems which we fortunately resolved long before the conflicts of today became so pressing. We achieved national independence and national unity with a long stretch of time intervening between the great crises in these processes; India is confronted by the problem of building two nations before full independence has actually been achieved. In America we have had bitter religious conflicts, but we have come to enjoy a great degree of religious freedom and toleration. India has this lesson yet to learn. We have by no means succeeded in integrating all our many peo-

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ples into a truly national brotherhood of equals; but we have amalgamated many national stocks. India must find some way of achieving a *modus vivendi* for her many peoples, who must — in an age of increasing communication and interdependence — learn to live together.

Thus many social conflicts and pressing political problems which are only matters of history here, are exciting and often frightening realities in India. The country is a living laboratory for the study of all these processes in juxtaposition the one with the other, and with the conflicts we are facing as well. My observation of the turbulent and challenging scene in that old, old country made me realize with a start that youthful America is a fairly orderly, settled country. And I realized as never before that actual observation of social changes as they are taking place, can give one a type of insight not to be got from the study of documents alone.

Despite the seriousness of India's problems, it is likely that her importance in the world will increase. After all, one out of every five human beings is an Indian. The country's position in Asia is a very strategic one. The Americans and the Indians, having many needs in common, such as the need for federalism, the management of minorities, and the planned use of technology, can learn from each other. India can teach us much, as we can teach her much. Every Indian's discovery of America, whether in India or here, and every American's discovery of India, can contribute to that end.

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The Rhythm Being Set . . .

David Morton

Is in control of clocks,
Wherethrough it calls the tune,
And he who runs or walks
Is neither late nor soon,
But punctual, as are
The flower and the star.

When you shall take a city,
When I shall see my love,
Is set — nor pride nor pity
Will speed the day thereof:
Her face . . . your captive tower . . .
Is the arriving hour.

Not love, not war, not this
Controlled, lock-stepping rhyme
Escapes . . . no thing that is,
No thing, not arrogant time,
Submissive and oppressed,
A slave, like all the rest.

Under the moving wave,
Your towers, drawing near,
Will meet the punctual brave —
What wave brings me the dear
Sought face of what's to be,
From the unhurried sea? . . .

© DAVID MORTON, formerly professor of English at Amherst College, is the author of some twenty volumes of prose and verse, the latest of which is *Poems 1920–1945*.

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T. S. ELIOT IN AMERICA . . .

The Recantation of T. S. Eliot

William York Tindall

ON MAY 3, 1947, at the Frick Collection in New York, and somewhat earlier at the British Academy in London, T. S. Eliot said that it is all right to read Milton. Some, hushed and excited in Mr. Frick's circular chamber, marveling at what appeared a critical, philosophical and poetic revolution, reopened the *Four Quartets*. Others closed their Donnes and opened their Miltons.

In 1921, as everybody knows, Eliot had prohibited Milton, and all except a few in academies abandoned that poet. This is less surprising than it was. For it is clear now that Eliot is a literary dictator. When at the Frick Collection he compared himself to Dr. Johnson, Eliot stated what his essays have implied. However tentative his private conversation and diffident his private demeanor, his essays and public addresses, appealing to authority, have been not only dogmatic but Johnsonian.

Eliot prohibited Milton in "The Metaphysical Poets," an essay notable for a phrase as famous as Dr. Johnson's "discordia concors." The "dissociation of sensibility" (which, like the "objective correlative," had effects, Eliot confesses, far beyond his expectations) dazzled a decade because it seemed a clue to the understanding of some poems and a formula for dismissing others. Weary of the nineteenth century, readers and poets, armed with Eliot's phrase, turned to Donne, who, thinking and feeling at

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once, had escaped dissociation. It was the plain duty of poets and readers to reassociate sensibility with thought, which henceforward would find itself at the tips of their senses.

The dissociation of sensibility, Eliot continues in this early essay, is largely the fault of John Milton. Thinking and feeling by turns, he corrupted the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In those bad times sensibility and imagination, used as ornament to a rational frame, could be omitted from poems without injuring them. While most poets thought and felt by turns, Tennyson, worse than most, "ruminated."

Over in France, however, that mixture of thought and feeling which constituted the great tradition was recovered by the symbolists, especially Laforgue, who is celebrated in this essay on metaphysicals as Tennyson's opposite. But Laforgue, though unlike Tennyson and Milton, is less like Donne than Eliot supposed. An enemy of thought, Laforgue excluded it from his poems. Capricious sequences of sensibility and vagaries of free association took the place of Donne's passionate logic. Like many other poets of the nineteenth century, Laforgue, distrusting science and the middle class, had turned to unlimited sensibility.

Eliot's "patient etherised upon a table" owes surprise and remoteness to Donne. On the whole, however, although Eliot's early poems combine thought and feeling, like the poems of Laforgue they show less thought than feeling. Indeed, as Eliot confesses in another essay, the thought is there, when there, to keep the mind of the reader occupied while the poem does its work. Such inconsistencies of doctrine have bothered some. But, taken without doctrine, the poems sufficiently illustrate association of sensibility with thought; for thought, when there, cannot be separated from feeling. And Eliot never ruminated.

Reading these poems and some of the essays, readers and poets, taking Donne, Laforgue and Eliot as their examples, thought they were associating their sensibilities with thought. They condemned the English romantic poets, neglected Pope, and read or praised Elizabethans, Jacobeans and symbolists. Critics, distinguished from others by the use of those fine words "sensibility" and "tradition," criticized the school of Donne. Colleges were

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surprised by runs on the seventeenth century. In graduate schools almost every bright student wanted to write a thesis on metaphysicals or (although this was harder) on symbolists. Even before Hemingway increased the fame of Donne, Donne continually went out of print. Poetry, it was agreed, was something written between 1590 and 1640 in England, between 1857 and 1890 in France, and between 1910 and the present time in America and England. In the last of these periods the poetry of Eliot represented poetry; for more than a dictator, he was a great poet. By practice as by command, he had accomplished a revolution against the manners of the English nineteenth century. Ruminating Tennyson languished, Kipling disappeared with an unmelodious twang, and Milton, nineteenth-century in effect, occupied Milton's hell.

For a while Eliot's treatment of Milton was casual, as in the Dryden essays and in the essay on Massinger. But after calling himself royalist, Anglican and classicist in 1928, Eliot examined Milton more narrowly. He denounced that poet in a speech at Columbia University in 1933, and a few years later he published an essay on him. This essay, "A Note on the Verse of John Milton," unfamiliar to many readers of Eliot, is to be found in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association* (1936).

What Eliot gets from that "antipathetic" poet is a theology that he finds "in large part repellant." This might seem an Anglican's objection to Christianity. But Eliot's distaste is rather to be taken as the objective correlative of a threefold position. Although Anglican, Milton was at best an irregular Anglican; althougha classicist of sorts, of the wrong sorts; and he was not a royalist.

Milton may have been — or indeed may be — "a very great poet," but Eliot confesses himself puzzled to decide in what his greatness consists. Milton's imagination, auditory and musical rather than visual, expressed itself in conventional and artificial language, opposite in kind and effect to that of Dryden. Whereas Dryden's "healthy language" produced the beauties of the next century, Milton's tortuous magniloquence, his syntax without purpose, and his avoidance of the particular for the general produced rhetoric. And rhetoric, says Eliot, is a dislocation of thought and

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form, of sound and sense, of sense and sensibility. Their happy fusion, no longer fixed in Donne (for he not only felt but thought about the Church of England), is the property of Dante, whose orthodoxy is unimpeachable.

Time, as we know from "East Coker," is change. Developing always, Eliot did not rest in this position. He thought about life and the state of the world. Always something of a sufferer, he suffered — and, what is more, he mellowed a little and abated. Signs of greater humanity are present in his essays on Tennyson and Kipling. His acceptance of these patriots, once condemned, may be explained in part by patriotism; for war or war's imminence might well inflame a royalist. But it is difficult to see how, after so much talk of the dissociation of sensibility, rumination and rhetoric could be implicitly condoned. However surprising, this development makes the formal recantation on Milton seem almost predictable.

In Mr. Frick's circular chamber, Eliot — incredibly refined, visibly aged, looking now like Dante, now like Aldous Huxley — explained why Milton, once bad, is good. In 1921, said Eliot, when he and Ezra Pound were conducting a poetic revolution, rhetoric seemed the enemy. A poetic diction remote from common speech had infected the nineteenth century as a more florid diction had the eighteenth century. It was Eliot's job, like Wordsworth's, to bring "poetic diction up to date with the spoken language," and by conversational, even demotic, word and phrase, to restore the connection between poetry and reality, thought and feeling. In this endeavor he praised poets who wrote as men talked — Donne, Webster, Laforgue — and he blamed others who talked as men did not. The trouble with Milton was that he is too poetic. His language, at the opposite extreme from common speech, is not conventional to be sure, but an eccentric invention based on English — like the language of *Finnegans Wake*. A rhetorician of this sort was a bad model for young revolutionists. And so, for a reason valid at the time, Eliot frightened young poets and their readers away from Milton.

Such was the necessity confronting the critic as practicing poet. It was as practicing poet, Eliot confessed, that he wrote his

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critical essays. In this capacity, too, he sees himself another Johnson. When Johnson disapproved of Milton, he had in mind the requirements of contemporary poets. Quoting this criticism, Eliot approved. Neither Eliot nor Johnson wrote as scholars, men whose conclusions pretend to permanent value, but as technicians with an eye to the present and to the immediate future. The practicing poet as critic is practical.

As practicing poet Eliot expressed what he now calls an exaggerated opinion of Milton. To blame Milton as he did for the dissociation of sensibility was perhaps unfortunate. He is now aware, as E. M. W. Tillyard informed him, that this dissociation has many causes: the closing of the theaters, the Civil War and the development of science. But if extreme and far from historical, his opinion was dramatic and, under the circumstances, useful.

Now that the poetic revolution has triumphed, Eliot proceeded, it would be foolish to continue revolting — lest revolution degenerate into wildness. The necessity is to consolidate our gains by finding new patterns for "a diction now established." In our necessity we have much to learn from Milton, that great master of "freedom within form." Taking Milton as their model, young poets may learn from him what contemporary poetry has lacked, the secret of structure in the long poem. From his "wave length" they may learn to write by periods or paragraphs rather than by lines; for no poet has surpassed Milton in the number of words he could keep simultaneously in mind. And from him those who are devoted to metaphor may learn the art of simile. To establish these Miltonic beauties Eliot gave considerable time to the analysis of *Paradise Lost*, commending its imagery of vastness and light, and of *Samson Agonistes*, that most excellent of poems. If Milton distorted language for the sake of music, he concluded, so did Mallarmé and Joyce — and Eliot likes them.

From this change in his estimate of Milton it would be dangerous to infer a fundamental change in Eliot's religious or political positions. His recantation was limited and, although ambiguous in parts, it left him still Tory and still Anglican. He said nothing of politics, but his well-worn suit may have symbolized Tory pride. As for religion, the evidence is clearer. By becoming less

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intolerant he is becoming more Anglican; by becoming charitable, more Christian. But, ill-adjusted to the confessional, his speech was less confession than rationalization. A simpler man might have confessed that he had been wrong, that age and suffering had let him see the humanity and splendor of what he had missed; but Eliot made error virtue, and by translating mixed reactions into terms of technique he tried to make consistency of change. Despite the penitential fires of *Ash Wednesday*, and his obvious and perhaps consequent refinement, he has been unable to subdue the deadliest of the seven sins.

In "The Music of Poetry," an essay published in 1942, while confessing to inconsistencies and absurdities in his criticism, Eliot had admitted that its real function was self-commentary. The speech on Milton confirmed this point. It became plain that his criticism is not only that of a practicing poet, but, whatever its ostensible subject, a criticism of his own practice. As the essay on the metaphysical poets is less an essay on metaphysical poets than a clue to that mixture of metaphysicals and symbolists that Eliot was making at the time; as the essay on Dante is less about his *Comedy* than about *Ash Wednesday;* so the speech on Milton is less a criticism of Milton's poetry than an explanation of the kind of poetry that Eliot is writing. If not precisely a handbook to *Four Quartets* or an oblique manifesto, it is nonetheless a substantial clue; for Eliot is an excellent critic of his own verse.

For several years the *Quartets* had been puzzling readers. The verse seemed masterly, but so different from that of the Sweeney poems, *The Waste Land*, or even *Ash Wednesday*, that it disturbed. To be sure, incantation with abstractions, which had appeared as far back as "Gerontion," was familiar enough. But the *Quartets* have more than incantation. Long prosaic transitions of a sort that Eliot had once suppressed in the interests of intensity disrupt the incantation. Seeming to have forgotten the dissociation of sensibility, the poet thinks and feels by turns; and — what seemed more sinister — in his relaxed moments, he ruminates. It is true that the lyric of the wounded surgeon in "East Coker" is a metaphysical poem; but also in "East Coker" Eliot calls another lyric in the old manner an example of "a worn-out poetical fashion."

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The new fashion into which he implies he has preceded his readers was beyond their unaided capacities.

It was to let his readers know what he was about that he made his speech on Milton. From this speech it is apparent that since Eliot has repealed his law of associated sensibility there is no use searching the *Quartets* for the old fusion of thought and feeling. In the manner of auditory, musical Milton, his new master, Eliot has pursued the music of ideas until there is more music than idea. Ideas, when they occur, are exiled from the verses in a kind of prose, or else expressed among the verses in the flattest statements. Elsewhere, exploiting the music of statement by repetition, and in becoming more musical becoming less direct, Eliot approaches not only the condition of Milton but of Mallarmé.

The "garlic and sapphires" of "Burnt Norton" were placed there perhaps as a clue to Mallarmé, from whom they were taken and suitably deranged. It is certain that the "dark, dark, dark" of "East Coker" is there to call Milton to mind. This passage from *Samson Agonistes* fits the context of darkness and death before rebirth, and expresses what Eliot, having suffered, wants expressed. But it also serves to introduce a passage that is unmistakably Miltonic in technique. In his speech Eliot quoted the description from *Paradise Lost* (Book I, lines 192–211) of Satan lying in the lake of fire. For his purpose Milton used two long similes: the first, of giants who warred on Jove; the second, of the whale off Norway. Rather surprisingly, Eliot, once metaphorical, praised these classical similes as establishing and advancing the intended effect. It is less surprising therefore to find in "East Coker" that "dark, dark, dark" introduces a long period of Miltonic "wave length" and a series of three Miltonic similes, the first of a theater, the second of an underground train, and the third of a patient etherized upon a table. It cannot be said of Eliot as it may of Joyce and even of Mallarmé, those other masters of music, that he failed to provide clues to what he was doing.

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T. S. Eliot in Concord

Richard Chase

ON JUNE 3, 1947 — the twenty-fifth year of *The Waste Land* — T. S. Eliot delivered the Commencement address at Concord Academy, Concord, Massachusetts, a secondary school for the daughters of the local squires. It had been hoped that the exercises could be held outdoors, and one looked forward to hearing Eliot speak under the ancient elms of the campus, surrounded by the lilacs and hyacinths he praises in his poems — strong, fertile-looking flowers which grew where once the soldiers of his king had felt the musket shot of the "embattled farmers" and spilled their blood on the grass. But it had rained hard all day. Thoreau's Concord River flowed with its dark, over-full vigor; Hawthorne's Old Manse glowered morosely from among its tall, rain-swept elms and firs; the Emerson House looked with a dour, watery asceticism upon the Cadillacs and the beachwagons.

Eliot delivered his address in the gymnasium. As he walked onto the stage with the school officials, some local dignitaries and the governor of the Commonwealth, one was struck by the forward stoop of his shoulders and the tired forward thrust of his head. One thought of "Ash Wednesday": "Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?" As he sat on his folding chair, flanked on one side by the handsome, forty-fivish headmistress and on the other by a nameless man (was it Stetson?) with a characterless mouth, pink cheeks and close-set eyes, he appeared somewhat glum. But he occasionally surveyed the audience with a sort of benevolent smile, or looked first down at the freshly combed and

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powdered girls and then up at the basketball backboard and net.

The names on the program symbolized the strange chaos of the Commencement ritual: Handel, the Rev. Charles R. Peck, Priscilla Todd, '44, Mr. Henry A. Laughlin, Governor Robert F. Bradford, Joan Buttrick, '47, Ruth Morse Waldinger, '37, Bach, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Miss Josephine Tucker, Bach. A world historian like Toynbee might have seen in this an example of Schism in the Soul or perhaps Promiscuity — signs of a disintegrating civilization. A man immediately behind me (was he a local intellectual?) had been speaking of Toynbee while we waited for the exercises to begin. His point had been that Toynbee lacked proof for his suspicion that the end of civilization is at hand; Toynbee led you along step by step through the rise and fall of civilizations, but then you suddenly realized that he fails to take into account the stability and endurance of human institutions. "Falling towers" — one remembered the lines from *The Waste Land:*

> Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
> Vienna London
> Unreal

But there was no intimation in Concord that the towers were falling. Whatever Eliot may have been thinking about at the moment, the assembled squirearchy were happy with their sense of a position won: the struggle was behind, and now one must show the confusing world beyond the town limits that the victors were worthy of their privileges. In Concord, Commencement had become a major celebration, an annual occasion for reaffirming through myth, song and sentimental moralizing, the past success and the future promise of a social class, as well as of the class of '47. The agonies of the struggle were over, said Governor Bradford in his sure, literate English. There was no need to take up the sword, for the dragons had already been slain. A long, hard climb had been made up the hill through woods and underbrush. And now, he told the seniors, a plateau lay before them, and in order to be worthy of it (here the governor's metaphor grew vague) they must attend to the little things in life; for after all many little things make a big thing. The representative of the

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trustees, a florid-faced collector of pewter (he had written a book on the subject), rehearsed the history of the Academy and said that its ideal was to be "a simple school in simple surroundings." Perhaps unwittingly, he was paraphrasing the prayer written by one of the students and sung by the student body:

> Spirit of Christ, stand firm within us,
> Inspire us with your purity and with your love of truth
> That we may know a quiet wisdom
> And live in honest simplicity.

As the maidenly voices filled the gymnasium, Eliot was conspicuous among those on the stage: the others merely looked blankly at the audience, but he looked down at his lap or his hands or the notes of his speech, and only occasionally raised his eyes; one got the impression that it was an effort for him to look up, and one remembered Prufrock reassuring himself that there would be time "to prepare a face for the faces that you meet." Or perhaps he was the aged eagle again, stretching mental wings and resting for a moment on some far crag. The valedictorian, who fittingly enough was the student who had been longest at Concord Academy (thirteen years) stood up to tell the audience what abstract virtues the seniors had acquired — an admiration for Truth, an appreciation of Beauty, a reverence for Form, a sense of Duty and Modesty.

Having risen to sing a Bach chorale, the words of which declared that God had done wondrous things in the past and that He "still is ours today," the fresh, pink-and-white students sat down, making an oddly rude commotion among their folding chairs — shovings, plumpings, kickings — as if to give sudden substance to the ethereality of the Abstractions they had been hymning.

The pewter-collecting representative of the trustees then rose to introduce Eliot: We have with us a revolutionary, but a revolutionary within form, not a revolutionary for revolution's sake. . . . He is a poet. . . . Many of you may have read *Time* magazine, which called him the first poet of our time. . . . He is

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a revolutionary, a poet. . . . But he *believes*. . . . He believes in God. . . . And above all he is a poet. . . . It is a great pleasure, but more than that, a genuine privilege . . .

Eliot put on his glasses, which he had been pulling on and off at intervals, and began in a mood of banter by saying that no one ever listened to or remembered what commencement speakers said. He was for a moment at least the wry Yankee wit; he might have been Emerson himself, except for the cosmopolite suavity which would not let him be the complete Yankee. The audience appeared relieved by Eliot's light tone and humorous attitude. He had immediately captivated them. It was an audience sharply conscious of its social pre-eminence and conscious, though more dully, that it ought to be the patron of the arts. Poets were supposed to be welcome in the halls of the great, were they not? And, of course, Concord was literary. Eliot would know about Thoreau, Emerson and the Alcotts. It was an audience which felt uneasy in the presence of culture, knew that it did not like culture, and had a sense of guilt. It knew, inarticulately, that it was not a true aristocracy, but the vulgarized and commercialized plutocracy of which the moralists spoke. Hence the palpable relief and lapse of tension when Eliot began with his light, conciliatory tone.

The darker overtones of Eliot's irony were easily lost among the rafters; there would be no overwhelming question. The Governor, who in his speech had quoted Eliot rather obscurely to the effect that if the Heart were in the right place, the Home would be safe, relaxed in his chair. Eliot proceeded to make some pleasant and easy remarks about poetry, sounding as if he had just read the preface to the anthology edited by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren: There is a difference between poetic discourse and scientific discourse; most discourse is poetic; poetry helps us to exercise our emotions in such a way that we may be led to a clearer understanding of persuasive writing or propaganda, and hence become better citizens. This was for those who wonder what poetry is and what it is for.

For those who write poetry, he also had a word: Do not become too successful in worldly matters. He himself had worked

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eight years in a London bank and finally found that his poetry would suffer if he went on. Teaching and publishing were also inimical to poetry, if one became too successful at them. Poets wrote from many motives, and one must be free to respond when called. He had written *The Waste Land* "to relieve my emotions," a purely personal act. *Murder in the Cathedral* had been written to strict specifications as to length, number of characters, theme, date of completion, etc. Poetry would do no one any harm. It was an avocation for the few. It might bring fullness and understanding to many. Folding his sheet of typewriting paper, Eliot sat down, took off his glasses, and looked amiably around as the audience clapped its approval.

One by one, the seventeen seniors filed across the stage to receive their diplomas. They wore simple white gowns and tennis shoes and carried flowers and votive leaves on one arm — hyacinth girls, virgins of the tribe, being displayed to the God Whose struggles were behind Him and Who deserved to preside over the world as long as He walked discreetly and cultivated quiet wisdom and honest simplicity. Eliot dutifully applauded each girl — once when her name was called, and a second time when the handsome headmistress handed her her diploma. The students then rose to sing Bach again in their clear voices: "Thou wilt leave me never . . ." Eliot pushed his glasses high on his forehead, where, somehow, they miraculously perched, giving him a helmeted appearance: he was a sort of disenchanted bombardier — or still the aged eagle. As the exercises ended, the collector of pewter reached heavily across the stage for Eliot's hand, and though Eliot did not immediately see the proffered hand, he grasped it cordially as soon as he did. The officials on stage then fell to shaking hands among themselves and talking. Eliot stood somewhat apart from these felicitations, but was dependent on them for his poise and gesture. The revolutionary, but within form.

Outside, I heard it said that Mrs. Gropius, the wife of the famous architect, had very much wanted to hear the address, since she was a great devotee of Eliot, but had not discovered until the last minute that the poet was in Concord and, unfor-

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tunately being in dungarees, had been unable to come to the exercises. Her vexation and disappointment, it was said, had reduced her to tears.

The summer rain still fell on the drenched elms, the white buildings and the beachwagons. The rain, one thought, was more vibrant, darker, more poignantly sad, more hellish and more heavenly, more ironic, more animal, altogether more awe-inspiring and beautiful than it would have been if one had never read the works of the poet who had just finished speaking in the gymnasium.

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Stygian Oath

Anghelos Sikelianos

Though I was like one of those voyaging eagles
that during the span of a single spring
can fly over India, Egypt and Greece;

And though sometimes my steps were like those of the sailors
who after long years on the ocean feel
still under their feet the roll of the mountainous waves;

And though suddenly as if feeling behind me the raven of Acheron
panting and reaching to seize me,
drawn into myself
I was preparing to leap
beyond all the closed rhythms of the world,
to demand my destined lot from the darkness
(the full reward of the creator),

Why then for so long have I delayed the great leap?

But now I declare that you have opened the road for me,
advancing with dancing steps through the darkness,
my immortal warriors;
and that near you
the darkness of death is like the shadow
of a great tree, where close, close together stretched out
we talked about Greece, as you saw her in that hour
when your eyes were closing to this world,
the world that was crumbling to pieces that she might arise,
lit by the splendor of your soul;
and that I speak with you,
my dead brothers of the mountain, the sea and the field,

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about the models of a new life that will come
in the light of your sacrifices, my brothers!

Yes, though I was like one of those voyaging eagles
that during the span of a single spring
can fly over India, Egypt and Greece;

And though sometimes my steps were like those of the sailors
who after long years on the ocean feel
still under their feet the roll of the mountainous waves;

And though suddenly,
as if feeling behind me the raven of Acheron
panting and reaching to seize me,
drawing all of my strength together,
I was ready to leap
beyond all the closed rhythms of the world
to demand my destined lot from the darkness
(the full reward of the creator),

Why, now at last, do I not escape from you?
Not for a moment would I try to escape from you,
because I have made of my heart
a threshing-floor for you to dance on,
my radiant men of joy and valor upward-looking.

With closed eyelids, I gaze at you as you enter, one by one,
upon that mystic dancing-floor of death hand-holding;
I look at you with sealed unsatiated eyes,
insatiable eyes, and I see you,
immortal warriors, my brothers,
forever dancing your cleftiko and syrto
upon my heart!

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And now I will never leave you,
even should all the stars
ring out my destined lot
(the full reward of the creator);

But here I leave my heart to you,
a hidden dancing-floor,
a great funeral pyre of the dead,
a garden and a cemetery,
until, dancing your cleftiko and syrto deep in that heart,
suddenly you will break its bonds
in one great throb of joy,
your throb,
in only one rhythm of recurrence, your dance,
the eternal dance of Greece!

◎ ANGHELOS SIKELIANOS, poet and dramatist, founded the Delphic Movement in 1925. This poem is one of his "Akritan Songs," circulated through the underground during the German occupation of Greece.

The translation is by Elsa Barker and Eva Sikelianos.

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A Reconstruction of Religion

Jerome Nathanson

WE LIVE in a time of insecurity and anxiety, a time in which disorganization and chaos are everywhere. Because we do, we see evidence on all sides of a deep concern over the meaning of things, over the purpose of existence, over justifying and putting in proper perspective all the bestiality and bloodshed and incredible suffering we have experienced.

Part of our difficulty is due to a basic intellectual and psychological confusion. All of us want security. We know that one way to achieve it is to have certainty. It is only one way, but unfortunately security and certainty have become almost synonymous terms. Stemming from this confusion is the belief that the sense of purpose and direction which we want in our lives depends upon our living in a purposeful universe. If the whole scheme of things is headed somewhere or has purpose behind it, then we as part of the totality share individually in that purpose. This contention has provided the ground for vehement insistence on the necessity of our returning to tradition, intellectually and religiously — an insistence backed by arguments which stand little self-respecting scrutiny.

It is frequently argued nowadays, for example, that in order to be a good democrat it is necessary for one to believe in the fatherhood of God. The argument is to the effect that democracy means belief in the brotherhood of man, and that the very idea of brothers presupposes the idea of a father. (By the same token, it presupposes the idea of a mother; but since that would point to a doctrine theologically embarrassing to some of the traditional sects and denominations, it is commonly left out of account.)

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To talk about the brotherhood of man, however, is to use a figure of speech. What the figure means is that we ought so to act toward others as to have friendly relations with them, to evince a friendly attitude toward them, to show that we are concerned about their welfare as well as our own — indeed, that our genuine welfare depends upon theirs. In other words, the figure of speech is a moral injunction, and as such, probably the most important that we have. But when we talk about friendship and caring for others, it is obvious that in no sense of the word are these relations dependent upon our having a common father. The fallacy is that a figure of speech has been converted into a metaphysical principle. Of all the reasons people have for believing in the existence of God, this argument is certainly among the poorest.

The practical importance of this argument is that it is made an essential part of the demand that we return to a system of authority in religious beliefs and attitudes. Taking recent history into consideration, nothing could be more curious than this insistence upon authority. In the field of politics, as a consequence of fascism, nazism, and the totalitarianism of Japan, we can see that the method of authority has smashed the lives of millions of human beings. In the light of this knowledge, one might expect it to be the most natural thing in the world to reject the method of authority altogether, and to seek some other more satisfactory way of working out human relations. Instead of this, great numbers of individuals have simply rejected the politics of authority in order to embrace a religion of authority.

We speak about a method of authority. But what is it? As a matter of fact, we know that there has to be some authority in everyone's life and in all fields of endeavor. Familiar as we all are with the great developments in nuclear physics, how many of us have any firsthand knowledge of the field? Most of us are almost completely ignorant in it, and we take it for granted that if the physicists tell us that such and such is the case, that is the way it is. The authority of their assertion is good enough for us. But behind this common acceptance of the scientist's say-so is the whole process of scientific investigation, which comes out to something quite different. To make a scientific generalization means

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that any individual who cares to do so, and has had sufficient training to be competent to do so, can conduct investigations of his own and check the statement. He can find out for himself whether it is true. There is no judgment or body of judgment in modern science from which there is not some appeal. The appeal to further investigation is always an indispensable part of the process.

In the same way, we can say that in a democratic society there has to be authority. Locally, violation of certain laws means that the citizen is liable to police action. Nationally, regulations are laid down for all of us from Washington. If the authority of these laws and regulations were not recognized by the overwhelming majority of us, it would be impossible for us to live peacefully together. While there is this kind of authority in a democratic society, however, the process down at the bottom is similar to that of scientific investigation. There is no authority in a democracy which is not subject to further appeal. There is no final authority in any phase of our life. That is what we mean when we say that the seat of authority for our changing laws and Constitution is in ourselves. The important thing is that in both science and democracy appeal is always possible from any authority.

The *method of authority* stands at the opposite pole. Under it, no appeal is possible. There is a final answer laid down once and for all. There is a "somebody" on top who lays down the law for people to follow, and there is no appeal from his dispensation. There is nothing more dangerous to the free spirit of human beings than the method of authority. If that method becomes monopolistic, it sounds the death-knell of a free society. It makes no difference whether the authority is vested in a benevolent philosopher-king such as Plato envisaged, in a Fascist or Nazi dictator, or in some other arbiter who can dictate the answers in all matters of faith and morals. Once the method of authority becomes monopolistic, it is incalculably dangerous.

It is nevertheless argued that, although there may be very good reasons for rejecting the method of authority, we are confronted, not with a theory, but with a world in relative chaos. With people

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crying for a sense of direction in their lives, it is obligatory for us to provide it. People have to have a unifying idea, and we are told that at some point or other somebody must have the authority to say what that idea is to be. Whether it is Catholicism, fascism, communism, or some other absolutism, this strategy is said to be necessary for our salvation.

Now we cannot deny the necessity for some unifying idea in our lives. But this is far from saying or believing that it has to be commanded from on high, that some topmost authority is to impose that idea upon us. The unifying idea we need is available to us in our culture. Essentially, it is the idea that all human beings, whoever and wherever they are, must really count for something, and that all people should be included in the family of mankind, regardless of what their specific beliefs about this subject or that may be.

All this is easy enough to say. Yet it leaves us with the problem of making our peace with the chaos and the widespread evils of the world. Until about 1914, most liberals had an unquestioning faith in the idea of progress. The human race might not have attained anything worthy of its full possibilities. Down at the bottom, however, all people were regarded as good. All that was required was that they should have the opportunity of expressing their inner goodness. From this would come culmination after culmination — until in some distant future, though perfection might not be achieved, the human race would be so nearly perfect as to be satisfying to everyone.

No longer is it possible for us to have this naïve faith in people's essential goodness. Face to face with the bestiality of our time, millions of people were so staggered that they retreated to the pessimistic view of human nature which has respectable Christian sanctions. As illustration, according to Frances Perkins, after becoming acquainted with Kierkegaard's view of original sin Franklin D. Roosevelt remarked that he could now, for the first time, "understand" the Nazis. The resurgent theology emphasizes that man is essentially evil and that only through God's grace can the human race be saved: saved not only in metaphysical terms, but literally saved from itself.

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Now if more people had seriously heeded some of the things in James's psychology, to say nothing of Freud, they would not have been staggered by all the savagery they encountered. They would have held neither an optimistic nor a pessimistic but a melioristic view of human nature. They would have seen that human beings are neither essentially good nor essentially evil, but raw material of wider nature uniquely equipped (by their erect posture, the development of language, and intelligent foresight) to shape themselves in desired directions. To see this is to see that our problem is not one of theology or metaphysics but of science: psychological, sociological, ethnological, political.

We have to recognize that it is one thing to attribute the world's evils to man's sinful nature, and quite another to do something about them. To do the first is to require of people *a certain kind* of religious belief. In view of the history of mankind it may reasonably be doubted that conditions will be much improved thereby. It is a much more arduous business — painful, slow, and often frustrating — to get down to the specific evils at work in individuals and groups of people, to understand and cure the sicknesses that are in them, to penetrate to the basis of economic insecurity and overcome it.

It is infinitely more difficult to deal with practical problems in terms of their origins and the conditions necessary to solve them. But only along this line will our salvation lie. For though it is simple to make an intellectual generalization about sinful creatures, the difficult job confronting us now, and in the days to come, is one of getting to work on the specific problems of mankind.

The one approach as against the other has important consequences. In effect, when we set ourselves to the task of dealing with specific evils, we are in reality attacking a relatively disordered situation and introducing more and more order into it. Our judgment of what is good or evil consists, in large measure, in a greater or lesser ordering of events. Without attempting at this point to define religion more exactly, we can see clearly that the idea of the ordering of life is central to a religious view. Not only is it central to it, but a major, distinguishing characteristic

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of different religions is how they would like to see the individual and the group life ordered.

Many of us believe that if only there could be more stability in our world, if only there were an end to the disorder and chaos, we could find the security we all need. We take the existing disorder as being valid ground for a great deal of discouragement and pessimism. Yet if we ask ourselves what the human enterprise is all about, the primary answer for some of us lies in the possibility we have as individuals of creating the best of personalities. What we are biologically is determined at birth; but what we are as persons, we help to create. It is up to us to grow into responsible relations with others, and in the course of doing so to try to create the kinds of persons we want to be and the kind of world we want it to be.

If the universe were a completely ordered one, if there were absolutely no disorder in it, then from the viewpoint of God or an absolute being it might be perfect, but from the viewpoint of human beings it would be unbearable, and in effect meaningless. For if the purpose of our individual lives lies in the creation of personalities, this in turn depends upon creative acts which involve the act of ordering. In other words, we need some disorder in the universe, some chaos in it. We need it not only to give us the very conception of order. We need as well the possibilities it affords us of engaging in creative undertakings. Disorder, then, far from being the ground of disillusionment or discouragement, is an inescapable opportunity and challenge confronting human beings.

It is at this very point that the essential reconstruction of our religious views has to take place. This is a world of possibilities. As persons, we *take* certain of these possibilities and we *make* choices and decisions in relation to them. It is this joining of *taking and making* which ought to be the essence of a religious life. When it is, the religious universe becomes one in which a basic consideration is no longer matter, but raw material. And the problem for individuals is not how they are to be fitted into some fixed category of the tradition — heaven, hell, purgatory, nirvana, a mystic identification with God, or participation in the

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salvation of a chosen people — but how they can build meaning in their lives by the series of "takings and makings" which comprise them.

But, it may be asked, is the religious reconstruction we are discussing exclusively a matter of intellect? Is religion to be regarded as just a matter of using our heads, of thinking our way through the difficult problems confronting us? We know, as a matter of fact, that this cannot be so. If a choice had to be made between the two, most of us would say that religion is not a matter of the head, but of the heart. It is not so much a question of what we think about things as it is of how we feel about them; particularly, how we feel about people. Religion, put differently, would be regarded as having to do primarily with love. Metaphysics and theology, to be sure, are both intellectual pursuits which have had a great deal to do with the religious tradition. Yet for many persons, these have been but the trappings of which the feeling is the core.

The issue cannot be lightly dismissed. For if anyone were to maintain that religion is really a matter of using our heads alone, and we took that injunction seriously, we would soon find ourselves becoming intellectualistic, or pedantic, or even worse, hypocritical, thinking of things on one level and living on quite another. On the other hand, if we were to say that religion is exclusively an affair of the heart, we would run the risk of being emotionalistic, or sentimental, or even obscurantist.

Fortunately, we do not have to rest at either pole. Neither religion nor ethics is essentially intellectual *or* emotional. They are rather natural functions of experience, in which intellect *and* emotion, head *and* heart, are dynamically interrelated. They are attempts to work out some kind of ordered life. The thinking-through of a point of view and its presentation to others may be more of an intellectual than an emotional process. But the test of it is in the living, and in that we go along until we face a problem, then do some more thinking, then act on the basis of that, and so on and on — all along somehow tempering and shaping the total personality.

Religion may but does not have to be transcendental or supernatural or universal in scope and grounding. Individually, it is

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the expression of what a person actually holds sacred, of that to which he gives his highest dedication, of that to which in practice he owes his most complete allegiance. Socially, it is the group observation and celebration of common values.

As long as we regard creeds and theologies as statements of absolute truth, which can make no genuine concessions to other truth-claims, human beings must be hopelessly divided. But once we see that there are many ways of feeling "the push and pull of the universe," our individual ways of feeling and expressing it fit into the perspective of our common concern. Inescapably, that concern is with the development of human relations which will permit each of us to realize his best possibilities.

It is this that comprises a religion which can help mankind freely to unite. Its basis is realization of the fact that human life is interconnected; its intent is to make it increasingly interdependent. Its religious quality lies in dedication to the mutual stimulation of the distinctive abilities that are in all people. Its unifying power is to be found in its insistence only upon our recognizing, in action as well as in attitude, that all human beings belong to the common fellowship of humanity. Its credibility consists in its accepting the realities of the world, no matter what free inquiry shows them to be, and it justifies itself by the realities it can help to create.

All of us are familiar with the story of Job. In our time, countless numbers of individuals have suffered as Job suffered. Their sons and daughters have been taken away. Their worldly goods have vanished. Their bodies have been racked by pain and suffering. They have been shunned by erstwhile friends. They live in a world of seeming utter darkness. If indeed the picture is as black as it must appear to such people, what is to be said in answer to the question of the meaning of life? If we ask ourselves why these things should be, not only does there seem to be no answer in reason, but we do not even have Job's miraculous comfort of a voice from the whirlwind come to mirror our ignorance to us.

Yet down at the bottom, for reasons which may vary with us as individuals, we say that though the universe slay us, still must we trust — not in something beyond or outside ourselves, but in

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the power of people together to take the raw materials of this universe and make from them the instruments of our growth and freedom.

A wise person I know has talked about religion as an attempt to reconcile our hopes with our destinies. I would put the same thought somewhat differently, saying that religion is an attempt to reconcile what we want out of life with what we have to live with. By and large, we do not want to know what, if anything, may lie beyond the grave. We do not even want guarantees that what we hope to achieve will sometime be achieved. We want, rather, the reassurance that we can and even now do count for something, and that the larger cause with which we identify ourselves will go on into the distant and undreamed of reaches of time.

As we contemplate the best possibilities of human beings — for love and intelligence, for creativeness and community — we know that whatever may lie in the innermost recesses of the universe, it is this attitude that challenges the best that is in us. To be so challenged is to start on a reconstruction of religion.

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The Stranger

Marie Borroff

O swimmer man! O malcontent!
That will not leave to scale and fin
The colder, denser element
To which he is no more akin,

For though he near it builds, and bends
To see his picture hung within,
And though he diving deep descends,
The treasures of the wave to win,

His mirrored image, with the tides,
Slips from its unreluctant hold,
And from the breathless swimmer slides
Its liquid silver, strange and cold.

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The Dwelling

Marie Borroff

Charily to his house
Man bids the elements,
And but by stoppered vents,
Convenable to use;

The covered copper wire,
The glass-defended square
Serve for supply of fire,
And for sufficient air.

Stilled in the pipe of brass
His water waveless comes;
Into his windless rooms
No part of earth may pass:

Provident, to defend
His dwelling with such art
From that which else would rend
Its fragile walls apart.

© MARIE BORROFF's work has appeared in *Poetry* and, under a pen name, in the *Saturday Evening Post*. She was on the humanities staff at the University of Chicago last winter and is traveling this year in Europe and the Near East.

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

The Déjà Vu

People in academic life are, I think, peculiarly likely to be afflicted with the sense of perpetual recurrence, and the consciousness, not altogether happy, of having seen all this before. The beginning of one college year is much like the beginning of all other academic years: the students milling about for registration, the half-skeptical, half-interested curiosity of a hundred upturned faces at a first lecture in a new course, the stream of advisees. Even an "original" student is original somehow in ways reminiscent of some maverick of ten years ago. Then there is the meeting of colleagues, with the familiar exchange of greetings and the mutual confessions of the summer having passed without one's having accomplished more than half of what one had planned. Do farmers yawn a little at the return of the seasons or the birds? Perhaps not, and academic people do not yawn either at the beginning of the year. They are much too busy. But even in the midst of a crowded day the same sense of the thrice familiar must assail them.

There is a comfort in it, too, a dangerous solace. The world may be headed for destruction, but, for the time being at least, classes meet Monday and Wednesday at eleven, the dean's office sends out the usual notices, the curriculum is about to be revised again. How snug (and how easily smug) a little world it is to slip back into.

Hermitage de Luxe

A hotel room in a standard hotel in a strange city where one knows no one, a bedroom in a transcontinental train — these are my notion of retreat, escape, privacy, solitude. They are the true hermitage for the modern man. I know of some people who go to a hotel in their own city once in a while just to get away from it all, but there is a delusion about that. One walks out into the familiar world with doubtless a relative or a chore just around the corner. No, a hotel in a strange city, or a room, not a berth, on a modern train — that is the authentic luxury of isolation. All the better that the cell in the train, the room in the hotel, is standardized. One is on the essence of all trains, one is in any hotel in any city in the land or almost on the globe.

For the time being, one is away from the very things one loves — but which have become so intimately one's self that they are wearisomely identified with and exhaustingly as well as exhaustively define one's self. Here in Room 1402 of the Hotel Mayflower in Seattle, where these lines are written, I might be anywhere or everywhere. I hate to leave. I become attached to this featureless anonymity. On a train it is even better, for the room is reduced to bleak and functional simplicity; all save the upholstery is cool, clean Pullman steel. And one has the sensation, more than in an airplane, of moving very fast to vague important destinations.

I should, I confess, not like this regimented isolation very long. This is too anonymous a nirvana, and too impersonal a nothingness. There is quite a difference, despite Plotinus, in being one with the One and being alone with the Alone. But for the time being it is bliss to be alive, to be alone is Heaven.

Dial Tone

"Wait until you hear the dial tone," the telephone company admonishes, "or you will not be able to make your connection." Sometimes the dial tone is heard at once, and there is a pleasure in the recognition, a sense that

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all is well. I have long cherished the belief that in reading one has a similar experience. In the first page, sometimes in the first paragraph, of a writer whom one has never read before, one is aware, in the tone and cadence of the sentences themselves, that one has the dial tone, or, perhaps, that the connection has been made. There will doubtless be a good deal about the book that will be a disappointment: perhaps the tone will be lost or the connection broken. But what a thrill it is to come upon it, if for the moment only.

I am prepared to accept all manner of explanation of the phenomenon. Obviously it is often dependent on the state of well-being of the reader. Given a high enough euphoria in the reader, and the Congressional Record or a report of the Department of Agriculture could give such a note. But I have learned seldom to distrust a first impression. Something about the movement, the melody, the rhythm of the sentences tells me within half a minute that I am in the presence of authentic writing, not manufactured or faked, but the unmistakable lifeblood of literature.

Uncommon Man

Paul occasionally drops in upon me, full of ideas about history, about philosophy, about human nature. He is particularly refreshing because in his business, which is entertainment, he is not given to the current jargon of the schools, and his own schooling is limited. But he is filled with large and generous notions about man and the universe, and he has a wide ruminative historical imagination — say, like Toynbee's. "Human beings have been," he announced to me the other day, "trying for a long time to avoid taking the rap which was given them originally on account of Adam and Eve. Ever since, they have been trying to palm off the punishment, to pass the buck to someone else. First it was slaves, the conquered, then the poverty-stricken, and women and kids. Always there has been some class trying to make some other class pay the freight. The rich pass off the burdens to the poor, men to women, the conquerors to the conquered, adults to children, the big shots to the little fellows. But with human progress, one group after another has refused to take it. One way of understanding democracy is this: it is a way of life which realizes that we must all take the rap together, that we are in the same boat. We *must* take the rap, that's what it is to be human; we must all take it, that's what democracy is.

"Sure, use the idea," Paul said, "I don't even know enough to know if it's mine."

Cerebral Hygiene

Auguste Comte, as almost everybody knows, believed in having a period of cerebral hygiene, when the mind was given a vacation from printed matter. But merely stopping reading is not necessarily a true washing out of the spirit. Out, out damned print! All one has to do is to stop reading for a while, to see how much one's mind and imagination have been stamped by what one has read of late or long ago.

More striking than being cut off from books is being cut off, as I am for a time this summer, from letters. There is nothing like being alone in a strange place away from one's friends even by mail (and, illusorily, cut off from one's obligations, too) to teach one how social a fabrication is one's life. Everything is happily remote for the time being. No editor can hurry a manuscript, no dean a report, no friend a reply. There is the half-sweet, half-bitter illusion of being alone, isolate in a friendless world, and at ease in a world where there are no responsibilities. It is all I can do, for instance, to persuade myself that these paragraphs for The American Scholar are due quite shortly. At this remove in the evergreen Northwest, I have a hard time persuading myself there is a deadline, an editor, or even a New York.

Dead Pan

A correspondent writes anent some comments of mine in the Summer number concerning a stubborn friend who for years has stupidly refused to realize how wise and true my opinions are, and has persisted in his own errors with what I called the strength of fools. My correspondent says, apparently seriously, that the trouble with such satiric comment is that most people take it too literally, and that some day I shall find that

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something I have spoken with my tongue in my cheek is taken at its face meaning.

There is evidence to support the lady's point. The *New York Sun* under Charles Dana was famous for its ironic editorials. But it could never publish one without having dozens of letters pour in from readers who never suspected ironic intent. I suspect that if one were to organize a society for the extinction of the human race on the ground that if there were no human race there could be no human miseries, a certain number of persons would be persuaded to join the organization, while a certain number of others would protest the callousness or the logical absurdity of the scheme.

David Low, the cartoonist, in his introduction to a collection of his witheringly genial picture commentaries on our times, remarked that the satirist has lost his vocation. For there is nothing, he says, so silly or fantastic or incredible or savage or stupid that some dictator or fraud of our time has not actually put it into practice. No wonder the satirist is advised to be careful. It is hard to know these days what is said as a joke and what is said dead pan. For instance, one hears in high quarters that universal military training is the only insurance of peace. In the light of the history of the last hundred years in Europe, it is hard when one hears such an opinion to know whether it is said in earnest or not. One man's faith is another man's farce.

The Middle Half

I have been hearing liberals complain that their lot in the present world is an extremely difficult one. They are reviled and misunderstood by the extremists of both the Left and Right. If they plead for socialized medicine, they are Communists, and if they point out the abuses among labor union leaders, they are Fascists. No one seems to understand what high and reasonable middle-of-the-road men they are. But I wonder whether there is anything new about the distrust of the liberal position in politics, or in morals. In a time when lines are being severely drawn, it is easy to ask, "Are you for us or against us?" A middle course looks like evasion of ultimate issues.

But has it not been so always? Even in the eighteenth century, I suspect the "reasonable" man must have got on a lot of people's nerves — even those of cultivated and reasonable people. There is nothing much one can do about it either, in the way of propaganda. One cannot glamorize the life of reason, for that would convict us of "enthusiasm." It is not cricket to be "excited" about decency and order and integrity. It is sentimental to place too much hope on or in good sense. Well, tolerance has been one of the virtues of the liberal creed. One can only trust the world will permit tolerance itself to continue. If not, liberalism will certainly die, and with it possibly the most distinctively human quality of Western man.

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American Scholar Forum . . .

THE HUMANITIES— TODAY AND TOMORROW

The four papers grouped together in this number's Forum were solicited or received as single articles, but it was clear to the Editors that their significance was increased by this grouping. Two of them were first presented at one of the Princeton Bicentennial conferences. A third takes the form of a letter written about this conference, and the fourth was, in its original form, an address given at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Trinity Parish in the City of New York.

One of these papers is expressly concerned with the relation of the humanities to the physical sciences, another with their relation to the social sciences, and a third with their relation to Christian education. The fourth, Edmundo O'Gorman's letter, is primarily a criticism of the current preoccupations of North American leaders in the humanities. Reading this letter first, one is sharpened for the papers that follow. And despite the special concern of each of these papers, there are interesting cross references and contradictions (not so intended, of course) to be discerned. The position of each writer is thus subject to a more alert analysis than if his piece stood alone. After a reading of the four, the problems and possibilities of the humanities in our culture and society are thrown into clear relief. (*Editor*)

Letter on the North Americans

Edmundo O'Gorman

Mexico, D.F., 24 Nov., 1946

Mr. Jesus Silva Herzog
Editor, *Cuardernos Americanos*
My dear Sir:

You will remember that the other day while I was visiting you in the hospital, where you were recovering from an operation, you asked me to write my impressions of the conference on "The Humanistic Tradition in the Century Ahead," which was held at Princeton University from the 16th to the 18th of October as a part of the program to commemorate the second centenary of the founding of that institution.

I am happy now to be able to comply with your request, and I thank you for the opportunity afforded me by your publication of this letter to express what a great honor it was to be invited to the conference, especially since I was the only Hispano-American

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present. I hope that these introductory words may serve as a sincere and public avowal of my gratitude for the hospitality offered by this distinguished institution of learning, and for the many courtesies shown me by the University authorities and by the committee in charge of the conference.

In order that you may understand the scope and bearing of these impressions, it would be well to point out in advance that, as was only natural, the assembly was almost completely made up of North American intellectuals, so that the dominant spirit of the deliberations reflected an intellectual tone peculiar to North American culture. I think I am justified, then, in interpreting the Conference as a genuine manifestation of the most authoritative opinion of our neighbors as to the future of the humanities.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details of the affair. I need only say that the range of the topics presented for discussion was sufficiently broad to allow for the widest variation in essential points of view, restricted only by the general field of the Conference. Thus, for example, one session was given over to the relation of history to the humanities; and in others art, education, politics and science took the place of history.

You may be curious to know our conclusions. If you stop for a moment, however, to recall your own experience at such gatherings, you will understand that there were no conclusions, and that this fact in no way calls for censure and does not constitute in itself a proof of failure. If looked at in the right way, human things do not permit of definite conclusions, and only a die-hard rationalist could demand them. So, this absence of final conclusions may be considered an indication of good judgment rather than a sign of intellectual impotence. No, the meaning of the Conference is to be found in the mere fact of its occurrence and in an understanding of the general atmosphere in which it took place. So considered, the sense of the Conference can be interpreted as symptomatic of the distinct quality of North American culture.

What struck me especially, insofar as I was not a particularly active member, was that all the discussion sooner or later revealed an ultimate concern with problems of a practical nature. Given such an orientation, it was inevitable that the central theme should always finally be treated as though it were an educational problem. It isn't by chance that a North American philosopher, John Dewey, has been made the apostle not only of education in itself, but of faith in education as the only means of making the world "a better and sweeter place in which to live." In the session which dealt with the bonds between history and humanism, our morning's deliberations were inescapably centered upon academic and methodological problems in the teaching of history, implicitly considered as a discipline for the formation of the civic spirit. This happened in spite of the German Hajo Holborn's paper and my own suggestion that we concern ourselves with what seemed to me to be the central point of the theme — that is to say, the often debated question of the historicity of man. This is the very axis of present-day philosophical thought. Their avoidance of this problem (I shall undertake further on to present the basic reasons for such an attitude) undoubtedly was a reflection of the thought of William James, who described pragmatism as a "disposition of the mind" — an attitude which consists of "ceasing to look at first causes, principles, categories, and supposed necessities, and in looking instead toward immediate things, toward results, toward consequences, toward actions."

This is precisely what the members of the Conference did when they allowed my suggestion to go unheeded. When the discussion turned to the consideration of "the powers of practicing artists, the popular arts, and the press in developing humanistic culture," almost the whole time was employed in talking about the relative value of the comic strips

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◎ EDMUNDO O'GORMAN, internationally known Mexican historian, is a member of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters of the National University of Mexico.

Originally this article appeared in the leading Mexican quarterly, *Cuardernos Americanos*. The translation is the work of E. B. O. Borgerhoff and Stephen Gilman of the Department of Modern Languages at Princeton.

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as instruments for the diffusion of humanistic culture. It is possible that they may have some value, even a great deal, but it is still terribly disconcerting for one of us to realize that this was the principal theme of a learned gathering supposedly devoted to the discussion of the cultural significance of art.

To be sure, one gentleman dazzled us with impressive statistics concerning attendance at museums. The idea seemed to be that all those millions of visitors, by the sole act of passing through the portals of a building, became thereby capable of understanding the mystic lessons of an El Greco, and participating in the horrors and peculiarly Spanish sensualities of a Goya. But this same speaker, not satisfied with the aesthetic redemption of so many souls, urged the necessity of using television (or some other similar device) on a grand scale to assure that, with minimum disturbance to the other millions of as yet unredeemed souls, the farthest borders of Texas, nay, the utmost limits of the world (miracle of science!), might see the Mona Lisa in person. And the sad part of it is that there are no reasons, properly speaking, why one should rise up in arms against such delirium, unless it is to say, as I was bold enough to, that there are moments of cultural flowering which are capable of being appreciated and which are in fact appreciated only by very restricted groups of people. I further pointed out that the recognition of this fact did not at all represent a weakening of any principle of social justice, since aesthetic, religious and intellectual reactions never have been, nor are, nor will be a matter of rights and obligations.

As a matter of fact, persons who experience the aesthetic emotions to a superior degree find them a heavy personal responsibility. At the same time, they would constitute a hindrance to the layman's enjoyment of the thousand and one things which are his patrimony. Chateaubriand made fun of the diligent energy which the North American people expend in the pursuit of happiness. But aren't these people defeating the accomplishment of what is after all a very noble purpose by the very earnestness of their desire? Believe me, I can think of no greater misfortune befalling a nation than to have it come about, by television or by any other means, that every single inhabitant, man, woman or child of whatever condition, category or color, should truly and deeply enjoy the "Horrors" of Goya, the "Guernica" of Picasso, or that forest of devils, clowns, despots and prostitutes of our own José Clemente Orozco.

The point is — and this seems to me to be significant — that this great and in so many ways admirable people of the United States, having come on the stage of Western History at a moment when God was leaving the scene, and suffering because of its English heritage the results of His withdrawal, now finds itself without any real ritual. Therefore our neighbors unfortunately endow all sorts of human things with a religious and even mystagogic significance. Thus it is with Art, whose temples are the museums; so with Democracy, whose gospel is the Constitution; so with Education, whose missionaries are the professors and the school teachers; so finally and above all with Science, whose prophets are the technical specialists who inspire veneration and superstitious respect in the hearts of the people. And since all these human and so perishable values are being canonized, it is not surprising that in the United States the museum director, the politician, the schoolmaster, the university professor and the scientist are, like priests, determined missionaries. Waving the banner of successful results, they try in every way possible to convert the greatest number of souls to their particular sects — or in this case, to their particular doctrines for existence.

Do you realize that "the American way of life" is the basis for a whole missionary program of universal ambitions — and that because of this (and what a paradox!) one may say that there is no nation more intolerant on the face of the earth, in spite of its magnificent spirit of tolerance? Such is, in my opinion, the real reason for its great effort to achieve everybody's participation in everything. We must understand that, although it has its noble aspects, the desire to transport the Mona Lisa to the most out-of-the-way ranch in the New Mexican desert corresponds to that same pseudo-evangelical urge which made a North American politician announce recently that his program for social

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action consisted in having everyone drink a glass of milk every day. This is sheer folly, for if you offer man his own achievements, whether in Art, Democracy or Science, as means of salvation, you cannot do so without risking a catastrophic and inevitable disillusionment. For that reason, when at one of the meetings of the Princeton conference I ventured to advocate the acceptance of select minorities as the only practical way of realizing the beautiful democratic ideal with justice, efficiency and plenitude (an acceptance which would necessarily imply a much-needed refinement of public opinion), I was like Luther talking before the Diet.

We must now ask ourselves what profound impulse underlies this desire to sanctify the glories of culture: Art, Good Government and Science. It is a sanctification which seems to me to reveal the spiritual axis of North American life and the source of its virtues. It has often been observed, with the support of representative texts, that this nation, generally speaking, is characterized by a notable and widespread lack of metaphysical anxiety. Aren't these two traits, the lack of metaphysical anxiety and the cult of the products of civilization, deeply interlocked? I believe so. The absence of metaphysical anguish permits the North American to feel himself, in the lapidary phraseology of Henry James, "imperturbably, immovably and indestructibly at ease in the world." Herein, I think, lies his real strength. Nevertheless, mightn't it be that this lack prevents him from feeling that passionate interest in immersing himself in the knowledge of man which Spanish thought has always achieved, and which contemporary German philosophy is now attempting so seriously?

Undoubtedly, North American culture has concerned itself with the theme of man. If it had not, the very mention of culture would be out of the question. But, correctly regarded, it would appear to have been a concern of scientific nature with a marked psychological aspect — or, more precisely, having to do with experimental psychology. A knowledge of man thus derived conforms completely to the needs of North American culture, without the needful awareness that such a knowledge is only a representation, a mere image of human existence, which instead of achieving a direct and original contact with that existence, simply offers a theoretical description. Science thus raises an image of man, a real idol, in the sense that man is the creator of this same science. It is somewhat in the same way, if only superficially, that ingenuous faith raises images to the Divinity, in the sense that He is the creator of everything.

This is so true that we are beginning to realize that our conformity with this scientific image of man necessarily implies an equally ingenuous faith in the achievements of civilization. The canonization of these achievements signifies the deification of man. And if he is really to be conceived of as God (even though unconsciously), any desire to probe his essence and to know his spiritual anatomy must be considered as dangerous, daring, proud and vain. For that reason the North American feels instinctively fearful of any metaphysical wrestling. As William James said, he must cease to look at first causes and look instead at results: at the results of science — images and representations. Although with a new accent, this is the same ancient voice of the age-old priest in the temple who admonishes his faithful against the temptation of wishing to penetrate the mysteries of the faith. It might be said that there is a contradiction in this sanctification of the human, while avoiding any authentic knowledge of man. This is undoubtedly so. But it is a contradiction which any faith, at once vigorous and ingenuous, inevitably nourishes.

We now see how stupid is the effort, born of resentment and unfortunately widespread among us, to explain the absence of metaphysical anxiety in North American culture in terms of some incapacity innate in that people. In addition to being a rank injustice, this is a regrettable error, which is exposed the moment that we stop to consider the well-known ability of this nation and the remarkable intelligence of the many famous men and women who have honored and do honor it. There is no such incapacity, except in those who thus invoke it; there is, on the other hand, an anti-metaphysical will, which is something quite different. The fact is that

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the canonization of human activity and of its results (an attitude which seems to me to be the mainspring of North American culture) demands as a correlative necessity the deification of human relativity, disguised as progress and elevated to the level of a religious mystery. Otherwise the enormous edifice of this culture would fall into ruin and desolation.

I repeatedly suggested to the audience at Princeton that since we were to meditate on the humanities we should treat as an unavoidable and extremely important preliminary subject for discussion the theme of man, as it has been elaborated by contemporary philosophical and historical thought. I mentioned there the surprise which I felt that the assembly should remain so noticeably silent about the fearful crossroads at which Martin Heidegger has placed occidental man. This, in my opinion, is the point of departure for any fruitful deliberation on the humanities. I had supposed that from among the hundred or so delegates gathered at the Conference, at least four or five different and opposed conceptions of man might have emerged, and that everything else would depend on the open discussion of these conceptions. My suggestions could not have been more unhappily received. Prophetlike, the voice of William James filled the air and found an echo in every consciousness.

Seek only the expeditious and the peremptorily practical solution. Our days there were darkened by the contrast, repeatedly pointed out, of our poor efforts in the service of humanism, with the joyous, precise and encouraging results which a similar conference on the future of science, held at the same place only a few days before, had presented proudly and hopefully to the expectant nation.

I think, nevertheless, that the real reason for the humiliating situation in which the humanities found themselves was that we did not really wish to face the bull whose challenge had brought us into that arena. I believe that above and below the so-called atomic era with its prodigious scientific marvels, is the primary reality which is its sustenance and foundation, the reality of our lives, of human existence. Sooner or later, it seems to me, these North American intellectuals, so sincere and animated by good will, will have to fix their gaze upon that primary reality, a primary reality which alone can offer them higher inspiration. . . .

I am, believe me, your friend who esteems and admires you,

Edmundo O'Gorman

Science and the Humanist's Ganglia

Harlow Shapley

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This article was given as a lecture at the conference on "The Humanistic Tradition in the Century Ahead," part of the Bicentennial celebrations at Princeton last year.

Today's science is, we acknowledge, a jealous taskmaster. It is inimical to sweet hours of leisure for learning. It is intolerant of the careless approximations of art, and of the prejudices that mildew attempts at social interpretation. It wearies of the weak introversions that pervert analyses of spirit. Unless carefully watched, science drives its practitioners from the bookshelves and the art galleries, and from the communal firesides where human chatter so often idly builds the soul and goals of civilization.

The scientists are driven into their lab-

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oratories, and to their drawing boards and technical handbooks, not only by devotion to science, but by the firm conviction that human destiny now depends on their creations and on their integrity to the last possible decimal place. And of course they are right in that conviction. Which leaves me personally in a quandary. Why and how should I appear in a conference on the Humanistic Tradition?

Non-science is scarcely the field for a scientist. Non-science and nonsense are nearly synonymous to many who highly correlate science and sense. If you try to corner us on that position, we retreat into semanticism. Surely you humanists want to be logical, even about humanism, don't you? You want to be orderly in thinking about emotions and values? In didactic discourse you count off your emphatic arguments — for example, arguments against the soul-degrading effects of mechanical science — very carefully and accurately on your fingers, thus making public your logical demonstration that one devastating point plus an equally devastating middle-finger point adds up to two devastations, just as a scientist would demonstrate sums in a comparable flight of logic.

I take it, however, that my assignment is genuine and serious, and I am inclined to seek justification for my participation by recalling some long-standing personal attitudes and interests. Mine is probably a common experience. My reason for entering a university was solely to prepare for a literary career. Strange how ambitious the young can be in spite of the cruel lessons of history! But soon, in my illusions of that day, I saw hypocrisy and dishonesty in professional journalism, pretence and femininity in song and essay. In contrast, the solidity and the sincerity of planetary rotation and revolution were highly attractive to one overwhelmed with ignorance — his own and the race's. Prediction followed by fulfillment was appealing.

The humanities did have their harmonies, of course, and occasionally their measurable structures. But the metrics of the poetry, as in a translation I made of Catullus, had more attraction than the throb of heart or liver depicted in the argument of the poems. The cycles outshone the sentiment. Nevertheless my first published juvenility in the realm of undergraduate scholarship was a combination of classics and science. So would have been the second, on atomicity in *De Rerum Natura*, if the *Acta Mathematica* in Sweden had not declined my contribution because a German doctoral thesis, just then appearing, was devoted to essentially the same analysis.

With me the classics were at a disadvantage. The neat allure in mathematical formulae revealed beauties that an epode could not attain; the statements about levers by Archimedes provided comforts and thrills that Raphael's approximations to human faces and forms could not equal. The gravitation-guided meteors flashed with more validity than the artificial witticisms of Laurence Sterne. And on the practical side — the challenge held out by the sciences, and the secrets their study might resolve, seemed to promise happier returns than those attainable through the thinking of old thoughts and the warming over of ideas that had been repeatedly warmed. Reaching for the stars defeated toying with the literatures. In consequence, the garlands of the classic poets were pressed into the memory book, along with the sad flowers of adolescent days, and I now get my Latin inscriptions translated by some convenient schoolboy.

It has been an unhappiness for me, and doubtless for many other scientists, to discover that the ability to write with free and careless abandon has been rigidly cramped into the dull word-thrifty conciseness of the routine scientific paper. Where once we were blithe and gay in expressing an idea, we now move elegantly down conventional ruts. No longer do we decorate our phrases with ambiguous subtleties. The aromas of yesterday's reading or last night's dreams are out of place in the report on "The Latitude Frequency of Dwarf Second Type Binaries." The whippoorwills are absent from the Geiger-Müller counters, and there are no butterflies with azure-tipped wings perched on the integral signs. Color is gone from the microwaves, also from the description of wiring circuits for the control panels. And if color and free-wheeling charm were not absent from the

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scientific writing, the writer would soon fade from the respect of colleagues. Science strives to be exact, and economical. It is already too difficult for easy grasp by over-tired minds, and small sympathy have we for those who would fuzz it up with disorderly thinking and the artistic garnishment of non-science.

However restrained he may be in practical writing, the scientist is not stopped from high admiration of good composition. Artistry in criticism, and ability to criticize, impel his admiration. Certainly my scientific friends seem to share with me a wistful respect for literary scholarship, and they have as lively an appreciation of the arts and music as the non-scientific in my acquaintance. Charles Darwin complained of his decreasing interest in art and music, as his scientific life developed. But his loss may have been indicative of the temperament of the individual and not of the class; and moreover there remained in his scientific prose something which habitually puts it, in spite of the great wisdom of its themes, into the current anthologies alongside the work of literary artists who often write in fine ignorance of their subject matter.

In addition to the stylistic cramping, which forces the natural scientist away from the graces of literature, and the necessities of his work, which force his language studies into practical linguistics rather than the appreciation of foreign literatures, the scientist is further conditioned by his trade. He is likely to find himself intolerant of that easy though entertaining introversion which is a fellow-traveler of the Humanistic Tradition. Objectivity becomes something of a fetish with the scientist, and he is likely to grow sharply impatient with the introspective humanist.

For example, when an artist, working in words or notes or oils, insists that he puts his soul into his production, the scientist unkindly observes that the artist is egotistically uttering nonsense. The equation of soul cannot be written. Soul cannot even be defined or clearly described. The egocentric artist takes himself, of all things, seriously; he puts his own triviality out of balance and perspective. He looks neither back to the fossil bones of his mammalian progenitors, nor forward to the galactic rotation. In his obsession with self, with a transient, trivial self, with his own mess of matter temporarily alive, he seeks to impose on his contemporaries an expression of what he struts as his own individuality. He tries to market some hypothetical aura that he assumes miraculously hovers round his allotment of nitrogenous compounds. He seeks to express in words, notes, lines or colors the so-called spirit associated with his own assortment of chemical elements.

Fortunately he fails. He fools himself about unique self-expression. For he is not himself alone. He is not an isolated entity. If beyond training and technical skill, he expresses anything of note from his spiritual innards, it comes from the complicated nerve-associated inheritance of a long line of anthropoids, salps, worms and primitive protozoa. He expresses the biotic lineage; and that is as it should be. He ties the race in with the cosmos, temporally if not spatially. He makes a culminating exhibition of the organic processes that have been transmitted across the ages. That is fine and encouraging, because our artists, in a broad sense, are the top of human civilization, the goal toward which we strive in our struggle to differentiate our species from the species of what we like to call the lower organisms. The artist's aura is ours, his soul a fragment of the vague oversoul that belongs to all of us of the terrestrial biota.

In all sincerity, the scientist should admit that his work for a logical scientific civilization, with its conveniences and its easing of the laborious struggle for shelter and daily bread, is aimed at providing the time and knowledge necessary for the enjoyment of the arts and crafts, for the creation and enjoyment of the colors, aromas and nuances of the uppermost fringes of human evolution. The swine and fowls work for food and shelter; the bees and ants exploit the social advantages of food conservation, orderly government and the hygienic care of offspring. But it is man alone who struggles, in spite of individual greed and obstructing egocentrisms, to build through the sciences a physical and social environment that will permit a large-scale elaboration of his ganglia and nerve

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endings — which will permit, that is, the maintenance and elaboration of the Humanistic Tradition.

It is this ganglionic elaboration of which I would speak in concluding my brief essay into compromise. The sciences and the Humanistic Tradition are not too far apart, if we lop off or ignore at one end the unthinking mechanists and at the other end the soft-handed dilettanti. If our humanists could find time and inclination to look into the natural sciences with sympathy, rather than with the too-frequent defense mechanism of disdain, I believe they would find the field alive with hormones for revitalizing the Humanistic Tradition. They should not be dismayed by the complications and difficulties of technology, of chemistry, electronics and mathematics. They should be modest — admit mental limitations. The true scientist, freely agnostic, early abandons the pose of near-omniscience. For the scientist in one field is mystified by those in other fields — sometimes by colleagues in his own field, or a week later even by himself.

The sympathetic approach by the non-scientist toward the contents and goals of science should pay well in units of philosophic comprehensiveness, as well as in artistic material. If our introspective artist, bent on self-expression, would reorient himself in the content of present human knowledge and contemplate deeply, not superficially, the vibrant oscillations in the electron tubes; the poetic geometries of protein structure; the sculpture of beetle backs; and the majesty of the cosmic processes that play with bursting stars, with radiation that penetrates bone and iron, with time-scales that tempt the unwary to speculate on Creation, he would then find that modern science is his cooperative ally, and not his heartless opponent.

Social Studies in the Humanistic Tradition

Walter W. Stewart

In considering the place of the social studies in the humanistic tradition, we are asked to think in terms of centuries. Obviously, this is beyond our powers of vision or of foresight. Those early statisticians, the calendar-makers, divided time into the shorter and more manageable portions of months and years. It is true, some economists, particularly students of cyclical behavior, have undertaken to predict the economic future, but with uneven success. Historians occasionally think in centuries, eras or epochs, but only as interpreters of the past, not as forecasters of the future. Moral philosophers, with the eternal verities in mind, may be less limited by considerations of time, but, in consequence, are usually more abstract. All of us, however, can and do think in human terms of a generation, as covering a full span of life and including all those of varying ages alive at a given time. Members of a generation are tied, intimately and deeply, to one another and to those who preceded and those who will follow. A century, viewed as three generations of men, is not beyond our powers of comprehension.

With this time reference in mind, I suggest the following questions: How have those of us who work in the social studies and the humanities altered or refreshed the traditions we received? What values have we achieved and at what cost in other values? What foundations of belief, if any, are common to all our fields of inquiry? Can we, in this longer view, take stock of ourselves and of the outlook? What pros-

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pects for the generations in the century ahead?

These questions are deliberately put broadly in the belief that we will find more in common in our problems than in our methods or conclusions. In method, the line of descent in the social studies has been from the general to the more and more particular. Beginning with moral philosophy, we passed through political economy into separate departments of economics and of politics, and arrived at such specialized and separated courses as monetary economics and public administration. Ethics, in the meantime, having been robbed of its concreteness, inherited the large words and unanswerable questions.

It is neither possible nor desirable to try to find our way back through this labyrinth. It is much simpler and more direct to restate our modern problems in terms of their general and long-term significance. Since man finds himself in conflict both in his inner and his outer world, we cannot omit the moral issues if we are to consider his basic problems, nor can we delegate them to other specialists and thus set ourselves free to pursue our own special inquiries. In its broadest statement, our common task is the study of man's attempt to increase his understanding of his traditions and his present circumstances, and of his endless efforts at adaptation and control.

From the beginning of history man, both individually and collectively, has been confronted with a limited number of fundamental problems — or at least the problems can be brought under major headings. Among these are: How can he adapt himself to the impact of the recurrent changes in his technology? How can order be maintained without a loss of freedom? Why are governments instituted and how do they derive their just powers? How can economic stability be achieved without an excessive increase in social rigidity? In short, how can society meet its current problems without bringing about a series of unintended consequences and creating another situation as serious as the one first confronted?

These are basic and continuing problems in political, economic and moral theory, and history is the record of the successive attempts of mankind to solve them. Since each generation meets the old problems in new forms and settings, it rightly regards them as in part unique, and finds it difficult to view them in perspective. It learns in time that preceding generations have struggled with similar problems, not without avail, and that though the new solutions, like the old, may be partial, the moral obligation to seek an answer is absolute.

If the problems are recurrent, the solutions partial, and the obligation absolute, what hope can be held forth? It can be affirmed that the virtues are no less enduring than the problems. The verities that compel the search are humanly realized only in the effort at solution. Fortunately, the deepest impulses of man are appropriate to his tasks, and his own creative powers are supported by the best of his tradition. Only on the terms of continued struggle for things he believes in most deeply, does his life have meaning.

Words of the type just used are viewed askance by social scientists. They are regarded as out-of-bounds, as lacking concreteness and as consequently belonging to the philosophers and the poets. This view prevails among those who most aspire to be scientific. But if such words can be avoided only at the cost of giving up the concepts for which they stand, it is a high price to pay. In the effort to be concrete and scientific, the social scientists have over-refined their techniques to the point where they are incompetent to deal realistically with relevant problems that lie within closely associated fields. Not all issues are moral issues, but every moral issue requires concrete knowledge for its understanding, and in complex social situations this knowledge is available only to those who possess certain technical skills. If in the acquisition of these skills the student loses the sense of the moral problem, we reach an impasse — the dead end of specialization.

The social scientist is, of course, not lacking in the moral passions, for these are so inherent in human nature that they

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cannot be trained out by any degree of specialization. The difficulty is that having omitted the issues from his assumptions, he raises them in his conclusions and passes moral judgment without the aid of skilled analysis. The question remains, however, as to how these special and essential skills can be acquired and yet retain the sense of the general problem. Obviously the scholar cannot be equally skilled in all special fields. Ought he to be encouraged to risk his professional standing in one field by also becoming an amateur in several? Would this provide a means of integration? For surely integration must first take place in the mind of the scholar, if facts and values are to be brought into relation.

In an approach to the more concrete, some modern instances of certain basic values can be cited. These illustrations may show that what appears to be a lack of faith among us is the result rather of placing too low a valuation on attitudes we take for granted. What value, for example, do we assign to the ideals of the scientist — his belief in truth, his attempt at objectivity, his spirit of tolerance? With the spread of the scientific habit of mind, how pervasive may these attitudes become and of what value? Or, to take an instance from another field, what recognition do we give to the values implicit in the organization and social procedures of modern industry? No other cooperative effort on so large a scale has ever been undertaken by mankind. Humanly viewed, this common enterprise rests on values beyond those reported in the profit and loss account, or carried home in the pay envelope. Considering the conflict of interests and the magnitude of the undertaking, we may well wonder not that it breaks down on occasion but that it maintains a sufficient degree of mutual confidence and capacity for reconciliation to make it function as effectively as it does.

Are science and industry to be valued only by their products, or should they not be viewed as parts of a larger human process and appraised for those virtues and disciplines necessary to their continuance, which they inculcate in each generation? Here are concrete questions for moral philosophers of our day. Science and industry are parts of our cultural heritage and have helped to shape our present. Both have their roots in freedom, and flourish only in a free society. Their fruits are far from perfect, and are subject to inspection and criticism, but if the philosopher understood them concretely, he might be willing to defend the soil in which they grow.

The place of science in society is under reconsideration by the scientists themselves. On this subject I commend to your attention the Riddel Memorial Lectures by Dr. M. Polanyi on the subject of *Science, Faith and Society*, recently published by the Oxford University Press. In them you will find, put more clearly and more fully, a point I am making briefly. He there gives his reasons for believing "that by defending the foundations of freedom in science we may help people to recover a clear conception of freedom in general."

If we look in the right places and recognize what we find, we will discover many other specific instances where our beliefs have been strengthened and our tradition refreshed. We are strong enough, in fact, to afford severe self-criticism and intelligent skepticism, as indeed we must be if any common faith is to prevail among us. This assertion does not imply an easy optimism. No faith, religious or secular, has had a large and enduring following that has not required the hard intellectual labor of many men and the vision of the saints to make it coherent and communicable. Without logic and vision, belief lacks form and consistency. Institutions that once met this need of formulation now seem less effective. Apparently we prefer nowadays to leave our faith implicit in our actions. Thus, as a community, we have lost the habit of affirmation. For affirmation, like freedom, is a communal art; like tradition, it needs to be shared in order to be strong.

In view of the disparity between what may be desired and what may be expected, a final question should now be asked. What are the prospects that a more coherent expression of social aims and ideals will result from work now going on in the social

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studies and the humanities, either in the universities or in other institutions? In making such an estimate, it must be recognized, first of all, that the intellectual atmosphere of the universities is not favorable to such an undertaking. Here, as elsewhere in society, the forces of particularism are dominant, and academic recognition is awarded the specialist.

No single institution is ready-made to the purpose, though several can perform limited functions. In this country political parties have on occasion clarified and expressed a general will. Countries operating under a one-party system, however, have made it evident that a statement of faith formulated by governments is later imposed by force.

Institutions of mass communications — press, radio and motion pictures — are powerful means, but are dependent upon others to indicate the ends that make communication worthwhile. Poets, novelists and other creative writers and artists are critically aware of their values, but the faith they hold is secular in character and truncated in form. The churches stand for a universal faith, but they are divided in matters of doctrine, and for this and other complex reasons have lost rather than gained in power. Education, in its broadest sense, embraces most of these institutions, and in its various forms is the agency most trusted; in the narrower sense of the teacher in the classroom, education has been burdened to the breaking point with tasks once performed elsewhere.

These institutions sometimes complement one another; at other times they are in conflict. At their best, governments protect the freedom that discussion requires when issues need to be defined and clarified; the sciences and the arts inform and inspire; the churches affirm a faith beyond the secular and merely humanitarian; and education matures, criticizes and transmits our traditions. In this larger scene the university has its role, but in view of its commitments to the specialists, those interested in promoting a deeper and broader understanding of human problems are likely to choose some other place of beginning.

Whatever the action or inaction of institutions, the interest in basic problems, though it varies in intensity, remains perennial. Events of the recent past have heightened an interest which the events of the immediate future may reinforce and sustain. Small groups of men in various institutions will continue to be the centers of diffusion, and their persistent influence may spread by contagion. In this way the social studies may become more humane, the humanities may become better informed, and the children of this world and the children of the Renaissance will become better acquainted. The prospects in the generations immediately ahead are more likely to be determined by the abiding interests of such groups than by any elaborately organized movement.

The Prerequisite of Christian Education

Gordon Keith Chalmers

Christian education has as many meanings as there are creeds and sects — even more, when one thinks of Ernest Renan, Llewellyn Powys, and all those unchurched and free-thinking men who clearly valued the study of Christ in their own individualistic terms. For the purpose of this essay, Christian education is taken conventionally to mean teaching and learning the life of Christ and Christianity. It begins small with stories, and for some it continues large with history, exegesis and

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theology. Regardless of the law and polity of Christian education or its organization in schools, colleges, seminaries and Sunday schools, the problem of how to think about Christianity — or rather how to prepare to think about it — has always been complex. In the twentieth century the problem presents itself in terms peculiar to us. It is the question of how to begin, or of what and how to study before you begin.

Many who entertain violent differences of belief and polity agree none the less that they and their children will be better for knowing Christianity. This essay assumes that agreement, and is concerned exclusively with the approach or prerequisite or preliminary to the study — with the preface, not the body of the book. The times have qualified the problem of how to get ready to study Christianity; this essay deals especially with the elements of the problem peculiar to these days.

In the year 1754 King's College (later Columbia College) advertised:

> The chief thing that is aimed at in this College, is to teach and engage the Children to know God in Jesus Christ, and to love and serve him in all Sobriety, Godliness and Righteousness of Life, with a perfect Heart and a willing Mind; and to train them up in all virtuous Habits, and all such useful Knowledge, as may render them creditable to their Families and Friends, Ornaments to their Country, and useful to the publick Weal in their Generations.

In their time these propositions about a college were not notable, for although not all higher education in the eighteenth century announced a Christian aim, the climate of opinion was such that Christian studies were of a piece with secular ones.

Today there are obstacles in the way of the young who try to understand Christian worship and morals. Able students in the seminary now study the Book of Job without suspecting that the way to read a poem is not the way to read a brief; many who now try to learn the Christian ideas about sin and redemption have been taught that individuals are not responsible for their choices and probably do not really make them anyway. In these and other ways the new minds are not prepared for the kind of fact and the kind of reasoning in the Christian writings, and not simply as found in the ancient texts, but as implicit in the whole Christian tradition. The act of imagination and reason now demanded is different from that necessary a century and more ago.

Probably the world has not changed, but surely our notion of it has changed. Since the seventeenth century, the fellows of the Royal Society have used the old metaphor about standing upon the shoulders of the ancients: by observation and experiment we may extend our view beyond their horizon. We stand now upon so many shoulders that we are for the moment top man on a totem pole. What we see in physical nature, at least, is more comprehensive and more nearly accurate, and we put it all together in our minds more sensibly than the old naturalists could. So for the physical world, but not for the moral. In morals and taste we have never been able to climb upon the shoulders of our ancestors, for mastery of what is just and the apprehension of what is beautiful are not accumulative as physics is accumulative. Our notion of the world of right and beauty has indeed changed since the seventeenth century; it has changed half a dozen times, but many of the changes have erased the notions which preceded them, and there is always the alarming doubt whether men of some earlier time had not mastered for themselves and their age a more nearly true account of their moral and aesthetic surroundings than we have done. That is the solemn doubt of the learned. Their doubt is not to be confused with nostalgia, that longing for the Age of Gold. The nostalgic are the Miniver Cheevys of the world; but modern men of courage also look at the past, and they see two things: the physical world and the world of man. Few now envy Aristotle his science; many, his *paideia*.

The notion of the moral world which characterizes contemporary thought has been common for less than a century. The basic problem of Christian education is how it will treat this idea. What is new in the popular mind is the account of man, a conception of him unlike that of our ancestors. Robert Frost makes epigrammatic the change in a poem which bears the subtitle, "The Revision of Theories":

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Our worship, humor, conscientiousness
Went long since to the dogs under the table.
And served us right for having instituted
Downward comparisons. As long on earth
As our comparisons were stoutly upward
With gods and angels, we were men at least,
But little lower than the gods and angels.
But once comparisons were yielded downward,
Once we began to see our images
Reflected in the mud and even dust,
'Twas disillusion upon disillusion.
We were lost piecemeal to the animals,
Like people thrown out to delay the wolves.

It was, of course, high time that we revised some of our upward comparisons: for instance, the comparisons of man in the *Idylls of the King*. Who could live in the twentieth century with Tennyson's Sir Galahad or Arthur for a model? Few in our generation find at all adequate the painter Hoffman's idea of God made man in his once popular paintings of Christ. How long could we be expected, with eyes wide open, to pretend that the type of mankind is represented by Victoria's notion of the Prince Consort, however charming?

Moreover, the downward comparisons of Man to "mud and even dust" have taught us things we needed to know. Medical knowledge, and particularly the treatment of neurotics, has profited by attention to the animal in us; so has all science of men in groups, called social science. Economic determinism is a downward comparison, oversimple and subject to excesses, but a comparison that has been useful. The behavior of man in the mass is clearer to those willing to make and to explore the downward comparison of men to wolves and men to sheep. Machiavelli made it, and le Comte de Gobineau, and Karl Marx, and surely our notion of ourselves in groups is clearer for the grim unpleasant sight of ourselves revealed by their green and partial light.

The downward comparison of man is inevitable whenever we judge his outward behavior by quantitative measurement. When we transferred this judgment to apply it to what men at their best determine in their own hearts — matters beyond the reach of measurement — our worship, humor, conscientiousness indeed fell to the dogs under the table. The result is naturalism in one of its forms. Some of the philosophers of the ancient world and the Renaissance proposed and elaborated downward comparisons; certain others of eloquence in our lifetime do the same. To qualify or confute them is the task of philosophers more shrewd than they. But once the dangers of ignoring their influence were understood by enough minds, secular education also could take a hand, and modern Christians would concern themselves, if not with disputing the philosophers, at least with equipping the young to reflect on what they say.

Upward comparisons are not only with gods and angels, but also with men. Better ordered, secular education would equip the young to make both downward comparisons and upward. That is, it would equip them not only to measure man's outward behavior but to judge his inner choices as well. The evidence of measurement is overwhelmingly downward, but the evidence about the determinations of men's hearts is largely the opposite.

We have but to think of individual civilians under the blitz, of men in combat when at their best, of any man or woman in danger standing alone for the truth as he sees it. Why, for example, in Haymarket and Broadway does the desire to see tragedy continue generation after generation — not a sentimental sad story or a melodrama, but true tragedy? Maxwell Anderson asked, "Why does the audience come to the theatre to look on while an imaginary hero is put to an imaginary trial and comes out of it with credit to the race and to himself?" He found the answer in the demand that the play prove "that men pass through suffering purified; that animal though we are, despicable though we are in many ways, there is in us all some divine incalculable fire that urges us to be better than we are." The Chorus in *Antigone and the Tyrant* defines the difference between melodrama and tragedy. Both deal with death and destruction, and in both the characters see the danger coming. "In melodrama, you argue and struggle in the hope of escape. That is vulgar; it's practical. But in tragedy there is no temptation to try to escape; argument is gratuitous. . . . You're trapped. The whole sky has fallen on you,

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and all you can do about it is to shout. . . . Don't mistake me: I said 'shout': I did not say groan, whimper, complain. That you cannot do. But you can shout aloud; you can get all those things said that you never thought you'd be able to say — or never knew you had it in you to say." In comedy the implicit comparison is the same: mankind is compared to man magnanimous, man capable of hope and charity. It is true that any play in the tradition of *Desire Under the Elms* may lead the spectator to say, "How unworthy a thing you make of me!" but when it is clearest and most nearly accurate, the stage in any period gives an account of ourselves as in the high sense of the word *manly*.

In school and college the subject most concerned with the account of man is literature. Popular impression to the contrary, it is the subject most neglected. The studies dealing with measurement, be they of the physical world or of mankind in groups, are well taught, and are being better taught every year. Meanwhile, the study of literature declines. We do less, and that less effectively, with languages than we did a generation ago. The old training in the precise and responsible use of words represented by Greek and Latin composition and translation has nearly disappeared. This in itself may be a necessary change of the times; what is distressing is that no comparably effective study has been devised to take its place. What is worse, one seeks far in the educational world to find leaders who are trying seriously to develop the strict training in reasoning and the discipline of the imagination which at their best those older studies intended.

Teachers of English recently have been finding Shakespeare too difficult for high school students; they should study, so the reasoning goes, ideas close to them, within their own experience and time. If boys and girls for generations had not read Shakespeare with profit, that reasoning might be worthy. Of course Shakespeare now appears difficult, because in his plays much meaning is packed into brief and accurate language, and schoolboys have been deprived of the chance to learn anything close and exacting in language.

In college there is a similar neglect of poetry. I use the word *poetry* here to represent that immense body of evidence about ourselves which observers of the clearest sight and most acute judgment have set down, be it in prose, rhyme, prayer, autobiography, essay or story. To refine the mind's sensitivity and to train the critical judgment are long arts. They cannot begin with the uninformed impressions of juniors about James Joyce. They cannot demand a comprehension of a few assigned pages of *Paradise Lost*, that "reward of a lifetime of learning," on the part of those who, incredible as it may seem, have never heard of Genesis. A distinguished historian of painting remarked recently that Whistler has many faults, and he is familiar with them, but he is prepared to defend Whistler against all comers — under twelve years old. So slight is the time and energy now spent in school and college and at home upon the central evidence about ourselves that the result we see about us is almost inevitable: namely, that what passes for critical judgment is not infrequently sentimental, shallow, ignorant and uninformed, and that it goes unrecognized as such.

What actually happens is that the young at their studies are preoccupied with the measurement of behavior. When they form opinions about man in his privacy, they attempt to apply to such affairs of the will and heart as pride, lust and faith, those sociological measurements which have little relevance. This is all they have to think with; of the exacting analysis of virtue they have hardly heard tidings. They have no story of David's visit to Saul while he slept, of Hannibal's unwillingness or failure to march on Rome, of Cyrano and his white plume.

Literature is concerned with all the comparisons of man, downward *and* upward. But without an extensive knowledge of literature, one may freely make only the former. In literary study alone lie the knowledge and the peculiar ability which permits one to assemble sense, reason, intuition, imagination, nuance, metaphor and overtone in order to apprehend the whole event of men's inner lives which gives them dignity, frees them to be humorous, and provides three-quarters, at least, of those intimations of powers beyond apprehension which lead us

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to suspect or to believe that we do not live out our lives unattended by divinity, nor wholly in this mortal body.

Modern Christians, in thinking of the intellectual surroundings of Christian education, have turned to the university to scold it for studying man and not God. But the proper study of the university is largely man; the difficulty lies in the quality of that study, and we should be most troubled when it is one-sided, partial or frivolous. How the study of man at his best is necessarily related to religion is exemplified in tragedy. The Chorus in *Antigone and the Tyrant*, a play adapted from Sophocles to present to the underground a reason for their continued faith in France, reminds the audience that the protagonists are not only the mortals represented, but also the gods. He says: "You have never seen inhuman forces at work? You will, tonight." The men in the play wear modern dress, and in numerous other ways ancient Thebes has been translated to our times. But the gods and furies that contend upon the stage are the same as ever. Consequently the play is not temporal, is not just a play; it is the rehearsal for brave men and women under oppression of the faith by which they were willing to die. It is not important that Sophocles referred to the gods below and we to God above. What is important and makes it possible for the *Antigone* to feed men's hearts is the fact that the protagonists, living their lives in honesty and passion, turn at the right time and in the right way to submit their wills to the divine will.

The fact that the study of tragedy is the study of men at their best has led to the puritan confusion which might be called moralism. That is the view, common in the nineteenth century, that highly serious art is didactic, ending with a moral such as "He prayeth best who loveth best," a conclusion into which Coleridge himself was virtually coerced by the fashion. Tragedy is the study of men at their best and also at their worst. Such study is likewise close to religious study, not first of all because it implies the admonition that men cease from their wickedness and live, but because it finds us out as we are. Thus the final question of artistic criticism becomes: Is this statement about ourselves true or false? — a difficult question to answer, yet asked, in fact, by every serious reader, however limited his competence. A literary piece can be true only if some of our potentialities for failure and for virtue are revealed with sufficient penetration to convince the skeptical that men are like that.

Antigone and the Tyrant on the American stage is not so clear or so tragic as the ancient play, and to make it understandable the Chorus has to do a lot of explaining which would not be necessary if we were more capable of Christianity than we are — if our notion of man were more extensive and better founded than it is. What has been needed and omitted is a rigorous matching and comparing and contrasting of the inmost thoughts and decisions of men, a critical task for which one is equipped only by knowledge of what may be called true stories. The true stories are both fiction and history — the few which one knows about his own life and that of his intimates, the many he can know if he has imaginatively entered into some of the stories of the race, such as the *Pardoner's Tale*, or that of Lincoln before the Second Inaugural, of St. Francis, Oedipus, Iago, Cicero, Launcelot, Jonah.

The weighing and comparing must unremittingly proceed in order to establish and reaffirm for each generation what we are truly like, the norm discoverable in our nature. Not many scholars and teachers are singleheartedly about this job, but there are some. With proper appraisal of the rare value of their place in education, there would be more. They should be supported and strengthened, for upon their work depends the firmness and relevance to our time of theology and all Christian thinking and the effort to reunite the higher learning and Christian thought. In truth, upon the central knowledge and skill in understanding the ethos which such teaching brings forth depends civilization itself, which cannot abide without a grasp of the subtlest and most difficult idea at its center, the idea of justice.

There is no practical reason why this study of our nature, this discipline of imagination, this knowledge of the ways of understanding ourselves at our most private should not become a major purpose of schools and colleges,

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whether secular or religious. If these things were well and extensively studied, educators would find the young equipped to recognize not only the downward, but the upward comparisons implicit in Christianity. They would know that there is much evidence for the belief that men are responsible for their own choices — responsible to their fellows and also to something greater than themselves; they would see that some deeds we call heroic were performed because of powers above and below; that some of our most beautiful possessions — such as laws, states, buildings — were conceived by men who believed in the heavenly grace or something resembling it; that in addition to men's secular welfare, one mighty force in history has been their quest for spiritual peace. Also, the young would not find it odd that kinds of reasoning other than syllogisms and rational argument are taken seriously by wise men, for they would have followed, for a space, at least, some of the conjectures beyond the reach of raw reason. In short, they would have made a preparation for understanding the morals, the theology, the poetry and the faith of the Church.

Christian teaching and learning have their own specific tasks, and the literary education of which I have spoken cannot perform them. However, those tasks are greatly simplified when the inquirer or learner comes equipped with the knowledge and the manner of thinking which is peculiarly human. The necessary humane learning and exercise of the disciplined imagination is literature in the comprehensive sense of the word. If in modern terms the educational system should provide a literary as well as a rational education, Christian teachers would be greatly assisted. For these reasons they should exert their influence, particularly upon the public school system, to support more nearly adequately than at present the literary studies.

To know, to love, and to serve Jesus Christ — if these tasks are to seem ever more quaint and superannuated to a growing number of persons, then farewell to the proper nursery of leaders, and "hail, horrors, hail," for we shall become the dupes of every political circumstance, and with our understanding of the common experience, the foundations of any lasting democracy will also be removed.

In the Winter Number...

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM will present Saul K. Padover and Vera Micheles Dean in a discussion of American foreign policy.

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The Reader Replies . . .

IS THIS EDUCATION?

The Reader Replies *regularly carries comments by readers on the contents of the preceding American Scholar Forum. In the Winter number, for example,* The Reader Replies *will contain letters about the debate in the current number on the subject: "The Humanities — Today and Tomorrow." All such communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *5 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y., and should not exceed 300 words in length. Because of limitations of space, the editors cannot guarantee to print all communications received. Letters intended for publication in the Winter Number should be mailed before October 20. (Editor)*

Revolutionary Implications for the Future

Whatever the implications of the GI Bill of Rights may be for American education in the future, its present effects are obvious. A grateful and prodigal government has made it possible for tens of thousands of young men and women to go to college — men and women who, lacking the benefits of the bill, might never have seen the inside of a college classroom or laboratory. All save a negligible minority have given an excellent account of themselves.

Our experience thus far seems to indicate pretty clearly that in the absence of such assistance as is given under the GI Bill we have been allowing invaluable intellectual resources of the nation to go to waste. The GI Bill of Rights may point the way to a program of national cultural conservation equally as important to our national welfare as the conservation of our natural resources.

As students, the veterans have displayed extraordinary intelligence, industry and insight. Without being self-righteous or self-conscious about it, they have shown a commendable and, I must say, surprising indifference to the traditional "ilth" of college life. They have viewed with better perspective the adolescent mummery of the social fraternities, the synthetic sentimentalism of commercialized quasi-professional intercollegiate sports, and the anti-intellectualism of so much that in prewar days passed for "college spirit." The ceremonial and ritual of college life have won a place in the affections of the veteran students — not as ends in themselves, but as the outward signs of an inner strength of intellect and spirit which is the college's *raison d'être.* The GI students, in a word, have not confused the side shows with the main performance. The effect of their attitude is already perceptible in the attitudes of the new generation of non-GI collegians.

In giving financial assistance to the student, the GI Bill of Rights has been lamentably one-sided. If the government is to give assistance to students, it must also come to the aid of the colleges in providing adequate physical facilities and personnel. The mere payment of tuition does little in this direction. Since the war, hundreds of thousands of students — the backlog of four years of war — have been dumped upon college campuses

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from coast to coast and border to border. Except for a few surplus structures that under other circumstances would have been demolished, very little has been done to assist the colleges and universities in meeting this GI flood. On countless campuses, long lines of eager students can be seen awaiting their turn at the loan desk in the library, clamoring for admission to already overcrowded laboratories, and herded like cattle into classes numbering all the way from 100 to 5000. By its one-sided approach to the problem, the government has become a partner in a kind of academic fraud. Vets have been told that they could receive a college education at the expense of Uncle Sam. But they have not been told what the quality of that education would be. If the United States government is not to waste a considerable portion of the vast sums now being spent on GI education, it ought to inquire concerning the quality of the education it is getting for its money.

Except for a few mendacious exceptions, the colleges and universities have labored conscientiously to give the best they can. But in too many cases this best is very poor indeed. The prevailing theory seems to be that education is like a brand name. It can be applied to large masses of students as one puts on labels in a cannery. Or it has assumed that education is like dipping sheep. Hundreds of thousands of young men and women have been clocked, classified and driven through turnstiles into classrooms, laboratories and libraries — on the theory that, when properly classified and labeled, they are likewise educated. Actually, little has been done except to "expose" them to the verbalizations of often none too well-equipped teachers. I hesitate to comment on the qualifications of many of the teachers who have been employed to give college instruction during this postwar experiment in mass education. Men and women who could scarcely themselves pass the examinations they give to the students have been put in charge of courses in colleges and universities. Indeed, the use of poorly qualified instructors has been so widespread as to constitute an academic scandal.

Isn't it time that we ceased being satisfied with quantitative measurements of GI education and began to look at its quality? College education is not something to be applied from the outside, like a court plaster, but a process of learning through intellectual and moral discipline. It involves not indoctrination or mass impression, but the joint participation of students and faculty in exploring the world of nature and of man. The type of intellectual exploration which is the heart of a liberal education simply cannot be carried on like a vaudeville performance before great masses of people. One can entertain a crowd, one can agitate a crowd, but in anything but a superficial sense one cannot "educate" a crowd. If America can afford higher education for all its sons and daughters, it can afford to give them the best we know. The magnitude of the task ought not to frighten or seduce us into being satisfied with anything but the best.

There are other aspects of the program that call for comment. One might legitimately ask whether it is a good thing for the government or any other agency to hand young men and women a college education on a silver platter. Would it not improve the quality of work done by the student, his earnestness of purpose, and the integrity of his soul if he had to pay a larger part of the cost of his own education with his own hard-earned cash? There is a moral question involved also in the discrimination now made against non-veterans in the grant of federal assistance of the college level. The time lost by the veteran during the war affords some justification for the special consideration he has received. But non-vets may soon come to feel resentment at the special privileges enjoyed by the GI as they struggle to pay college costs inflated in part at least by the benefits granted to the veterans by the GI Bill of Rights. I do not pretend to know the answers to these questions. I do know that the federal aid received by the veteran student has in no way that I can see undermined his character or diminished his zeal or his earnestness of purpose. On the contrary, the GIs have been, if anything, more serious and more intelligently industrious than their civilian fellow students.

In spite of its many and manifest deficien-

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cies, the record of the GI should strengthen our faith in the essential decency of American youth. The program has revolutionary implications for the future. It may mean a college education will become one of the inalienable rights of man. If we are moving in this direction, I sincerely hope we will measure what we do not by the lowest but by the highest standards we know.

Peter H. Odegard
President, Reed College
Portland, Oregon

Educating the Educators

The essays in your GI Forum were above average in maturity and articulateness, but I believe they expressed views which would find general agreement among veterans. I regret that there was no contribution from a veteran who had never been to college before and who could not have gone without the subsidy provided by the Bill. The presence of such students on the campus is one of the most important effects of the Bill, and they should have been heard from.

The most impressive feature of the Forum, to me, was the nature and level of its criticism of our educational system. Whatever its shortcomings, the GI program has subjected higher education in this country to the scrutiny of a more than usually mature group of students, drawn from an unusually wide variety of backgrounds and experience. This has already resulted in an appreciable rise in standards, and only undue obstinacy on the part of our universities will keep it from having a salutary effect on the curriculum. A generation from now, the GI program may well be regarded as having provided education which was only fair for GIs but excellent for educators!

The GI invasion has caused some educators to doubt whether mass higher education is a feasible ideal. Most of this pessimism, I believe, stems from nostalgia for prewar conditions, rather than from a conviction that higher education is only for an elite. But whether they like it or not, the indications are that enrollments will not diminish much when the veterans are gone, and it will be necessary to revise both our institutions and our educational practice to meet this demand. Experience with the masses of GIs has shown that the prewar ideas and techniques cannot operate very efficiently with large enrollments. This would seem to be a good time to re-assess the undergraduate curriculum with a view to finding what proportion of its content is adaptable to mass media techniques which are now available but not generally employed. The proper use of these media would not only improve the level of many courses now delivered by "live" instructors, but preserve life for the proper function of education, which has to do with ideas and performance. It is in this area that standardization is undesirable, not in the factual and informational. At present, our faculties are wasting time and energy by doing both jobs. The GIs, who saw what the Army and Navy did in teaching factual and vocational subjects, are perhaps more aware of this than the educators.

The GI program has educated our educators in at least one other important regard: it has done a great deal to allay fears in some circles that government subsidization must inevitably interfere with academic freedom. The GI Bill, though far from perfect as a democratic instrument, has created a precedent in subsidization which will establish confidence in the possibilities of this method of financing democratic higher education. Since some form of subsidy is absolutely necessary to this ideal, this contribution of the Bill may well be the most important and far-reaching in its consequences.

Frederick Burkhardt
President, Bennington College
Bennington, Vermont

Education Is a Social Investment

Like non-veterans, veterans are not all alike. Taken as a group, however, the returning service men and women who now fill our institutions of higher learning to overflowing are by far the ablest students American college teachers have been privileged to instruct. Their maturity, their eagerness to learn, their habits of industry, help to distinguish them not only from the non-veterans, but also from the prewar generations of

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college youth. Thousands of college professors dread the approach of that inevitable day when they will be back among the eighteen-year-olds, and once more must measure their strength against the resisting medium of the adolescent mind.

There is ample evidence to support the charge that instruction is inadequate, and that both teaching methods and courses of study are in need of renovation and reform. All things considered, however, instruction has been better than we anticipated it would be. Large classes have proved to be as stimulating as the smaller sections of the prewar years — and if we think only in intellectual terms, the quality of education is probably better than at any time in recent years. The veterans may be in a hurry; they may be oversold on the value of practical courses; they may reflect the state of American culture in their indifference to philosophy and ethics; they may be less interested in fraternities, extra-curricular activities and the cultural contribution of a fifteen-dollar prom; they may take grades too seriously, and they may even study too hard. But there is no denying that the presence of the veterans has quickened the intellectual life of our colleges.

Our concern need not be about any deterioration of quality, but rather with outmoded teaching methods, inflexible course requirements, poorly planned general education, and an almost criminal waste of first-rate college material. We have been slow to adjust grading on a curve to the new group of hand-picked students; our personnel officers are badly overloaded; there is too little research on problems of instruction and evaluation; there are too many students in the wrong courses; and there is too callous an attitude toward the man or woman who does not quite reach a "C" average. The sheer weight of numbers has made it difficult for even our best institutions to find time and staff for intelligent treatment of individual problems and needs.

Almost everyone who has kept in touch with student veterans will agree that there is a need for increased subsistence payments. With mounting living costs, the plight of married veterans is particularly critical. The failure of Congress to act is sincerely regretted by college teachers and administrators.

The educational world is also concerned about the financial problems of the non-veteran, who has no GI Bill of Rights. Discriminated against in civil service and industry, subordinated to veterans even in the race for admission to college, handicapped after admission by the competition of men with greater maturity and experience — the boy who missed the great parade because of youth has no lobby in Washington to voice his needs, and no privileged status on the college campus. As tuition fees and living costs sky-rocket, he has neither scholarship aid nor subsistence checks. Moreover, just at the time when he sees that higher education is perhaps the only answer to the problem of economic competition with the millions of returning service men, the cost of going to college is beyond his reach. For more and more non-veterans, colleges are pricing themselves out of the market. To be sure, without the latest round of tuition increases, the financial burden of the flood of veterans would have been intolerable. But the fact remains that the intolerable burden now is the cost to the non-veteran.

Education is a social as well as a personal investment. The chief justification of Public Law 346 rests, as John Higham observes, on our need for educated citizens. If the public should come to understand this, perhaps in time the non-veteran will also be found deserving of aid. Certainly the task of widening democracy in the colleges will not be completed until the financial barriers to both veterans and non-veterans are broken down.

William P. Tolley
Chancellor, Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

The Professors Are Not Prepared

The most disquieting reaction of student veterans is the disappointment of those who expected to find the professors prepared to give some definite answers to "the problems of life." The sensitive and thoughtful veteran came out of the war deeply disturbed

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by the frightful organized destruction in which he had been participating. He was not quite sure at the time that it made sense. Since his discharge, he has come more and more to wonder if civilization isn't on the road to final catastrophe. He knows that if this is to be avoided, the future course of civilization must have conscious moral direction. Rightly or wrongly, he expected to find this direction clearly indicated in higher education.

Things being as they are, this expectation was not justified. To begin with, the veteran himself is in too much of a hurry to be educated. The tempo of a specific educational process is, for the most part, determined by the character and the dimensions of its objectives. It takes much more time to educate a man for a lifetime of decency, order and happiness, than to train him to make a living.

The decisive reason, however, is the fact that a university is not organized and administered to define the moral direction of life, but to accumulate and transmit information. Even subjects with considerable natural moral potential, such as the social sciences and philosophy, are likely to be disappointing; for the former are often principally concerned with the mechanics of social organization, and the latter bury concrete issues under a load of abstractions and generalizations. Moreover, a substantial number of professors deny that their subjects have anything to do with moral ends. This responsibility, they say, rests elsewhere.

But if, as is commonly believed, morality rests on enlightenment, it would seem that the veteran was, after all, justified in expecting to find in our universities a cooperative effort to point out to mankind the direction which human life can and must take if the destruction of the physical and moral conditions of a decent, secure and happy existence is to be avoided. It should encourage him to know that an increasing number of professors and administrators are these days seeking to determine to what extent this is the responsibility of higher education.

Marten ten Hoor
Dean, College of Arts and Sciences
University of Alabama

Higher Education Under Fire

The six veterans who examined higher education under the GI Bill of Rights seem to have reached a unanimous decision that it has failed the veteran. Mr. Higham states bluntly that "only the most zealous apologist would argue that the overworked and overrun institutions of today provide as good an education as those of yesteryear." Mr. Cooke concludes that the colleges must overcome their "present fear of philosophy and ethics" by encouraging the stimulation of a philosophic outlook which will give direction and meaning to education. Mr. Spalding believes that faculty members have failed to keep pace with the needs of their students, and Mr. Kinberg finds that institutions have failed to slow the educational pace to provide the opportunity for the broadening aspects of participation in extra-curricular activities. Mr. Wheeler finds that educators have failed to point out the relationship "between the individual and social success which makes them interdependent." Mr. Rospaw feels that the institutions have failed to liberalize requirements and to add needed flexibility to the curriculum. The six men list many minor complaints, and label them as such — from overcrowding to disinterest on the part of the institution.

It is my opinion that examples can be found, too many of them, of every failure on the part of institutions of higher learning cited by these gentlemen. It is also my opinion that for every case of failure, equally valid instances can be cited of institutions which have recognized these failures and shortcomings, and are making an honest and sincere effort to correct them and do something about them.

In my quarter of a century of work at a state university, I cannot recall a time when higher education, under the ills of some outside influence, was not under fire. Education under wartime conditions, education in a world going technological, education in the depression, education in the roaring twenties, education in the economic boom, education in the sports fanaticism of 1925, education in the postwar period of World

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War I, and education in the particular year or period under consideration.

The sad commentary, however, is the fact that most of the criticisms offered by the six veterans to education under the GI Bill were made in connection with education under these other special influences. The complete and perfect system of higher education has not been attained. In fact, it would be extremely difficult at this time to reach a definition of the perfect system which would satisfy all faculties and students of all institutions.

One of the eastern institutions which has operated in an outstanding fashion for many decades undertook a study two years ago, to attempt to find the real objective of the institution and the real basis of the relationship between faculty and students. The study was completed in eighteen months, but not without a minority report.

Higher education should have no objection to criticism. Most reputable institutions have established committees or bureaus for constant internal examination and self-criticism. The better the institution, the more likely the provision for steady questioning of itself, its policies, its procedures, its methods and its personnel.

I see no objection to these excellent criticisms of higher education from six thoughtful veteran students. Some of the shortcomings are temporal and unavoidable. Others are of long standing and could have been corrected over the years if the institution had willed to correct them. Fortunately not all institutions are guilty of all of the sins.

The veterans with their numbers, their maturity, their frankness and volubility, may be the stimulus needed to make rather sweeping and desirable improvements in higher education. There will be no resistance to their good suggestions from progressive institutions which are honestly and sincerely trying to provide the best possible education, even under the seemingly impossible conditions of 1947.

Fred H. Turner
Dean of Students
University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

A Problem of the Next Decade

Public Law 346 will affect higher education in the United States long after the last veteran has left the ivied walls. If higher education is worthy of government subsidy for a war generation, why is it less worthy for a generation which may live out its life in peace or at least in a prolonged armistice? This is a problem which, I believe, will face our national leaders within a decade.

Their decision will be influenced greatly by the hundreds of thousands of veteran college graduates, and their opinions in turn will be influenced by their candid judgment of the intellectual discipline they are now receiving under admittedly abnormally crowded conditions.

The academic record of GI students is admittedly good. They have set about making up for lost time with a seriousness never before seen on the American college campus. Lost time in perhaps a majority of cases is measured by economic competence. Veterans desire to pull their full weight in the economic boat; they elect "practical subjects." This has caused some academic tragedies. While in service, thousands of veterans gained high manual dexterity in operating radar, radio and fire control instruments. In many cases this manual skill has been mistaken for an intellectual aptitude, and they have elected and failed in engineering, mathematics and physics, for which they had neither natural talent nor adequate preparation.

The trend toward vocational education has been marked. Within the framework of a liberal arts program, the election of "practical subjects" — such as economics — has outstripped history, political science and literature, for the zealots of the practical. Many veterans can remember only depressions and recessions prior to their service, and a wartime boom at home while they were in the ranks.

Now, with the much advertised recession again in the offing, their natural desire is for the training which will get them the jobs which mean security, marriage and a home, even if the home is not the plastic chromium

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dream of the hucksters promised to them upon their return to civilian life.

Veteran students whose end is broadly cultural seem to have fully as much intellectual drive as the security-conscious veterans. A sergeant with three years service in the ETO remarked, "We are a nation of historical morons. Everywhere the GI went, he 'loused it up' because he knew little and cared less for other nations' culture and history. We can't get to first base as a world leader with that background."

Whether the aim is economic security or broad culture, the veterans are alike in their response to good teaching, and by their part in discussion have hastened into the wastebasket the frayed notes of pedestrian lecturers. A colleague declared that the veterans have, by their attitude, raised the standards of teaching to a marked degree, and have also created a healthy competitive spirit among the non-veteran students newly arrived from the high and preparatory schools.

I do not believe that as the veteran tide recedes, exhausted faculties will descend into intellectual storm cellars. If they do, there will be a watering down of college work, and the A.B. degree will become as meaningless educationally as a high school diploma today.

Robert W. Kenny
Dean of Students, Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

This Is Education

Yes, this is education as we knew it in the colleges and universities before the war. With a few marked exceptions, it has not been much altered by what we observed about good teaching and more adequate learning in our military programs. At its worst, it is still much better than the kind of "free degrees" that were awarded returned soldier-students after World War I; at its best it satisfies the "nostalgia for the Better Life" [K. Spalding].

True, for many of our veterans, attendance at a university is time-out for a degree [J. Kinberg]. But many of these men, even in peacetime, would still have thought of their four years of higher education as a time-out in the game of making a living. In spite of this feeling, these veterans get much from their courses that is of lasting value, just as many of their fathers did in 1918–1919.

Our duty to the veteran as university teachers is as clear as it is difficult — to convince them that a liberal education is a sound investment, even for those whose main ambition is to be hardheaded businessmen. We ourselves, however, must recognize what is enduring among the subjects we continue to teach, and to present these subjects clearly and persuasively. Otherwise, we merely do the veteran the disservice of giving him everything he wants, which too often is only a way to a quickly profitable living and a resultant financial power that is oblivious to any concomitant social responsibility. We can — with the cooperation of students, faculty, administration and alumni — review all of our activities in and out of the classroom in an effort to stimulate the undergraduate to raise his level intellectually and socially. This is a challenge that requires all of the acumen and persistence that a college or university community can show.

Whether such an all-out effort can be made, with or without federal aid, depends upon many factors. Most important among them is the need for a non-political control and an integrity which will establish continuity of program and insure that the funds allotted show definite returns to the student. Much as it might be desired, it is certainly unrealistic to expect that any federal program could ever exert the pressure in time of peace that the momentous urgency of defeating our enemy had upon us all in wartime.

Erich A. Walter
Director, Office of Student Affairs
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Needed — a Re-education of Teachers

On the college campus of today, one senses a change in the attitudes of the GI students. Immediately following the war, the feeling was current among faculty folk that the material was finally at hand to be molded into a genuinely liberally educated generation. GI students, fresh from contact with

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other peoples and other ways, appeared eager to trace the roots of our own and other civilizations in order to make an intelligent appraisal of our world-wide potentialities for peace. Elation ran high in the faculties, especially in the humanities. Liberal education appeared to be entering into its own.

But the present picture shows an unmistakable change. A great many GI students now resemble their prewar colleagues in their absorption of "factual" courses, and in their neglect of courses involving the wider issues of humanistic study. There is an increasing impatience with what appear to be the dusty answers (and problems) involved in humanistic courses. Perhaps the doubt that the war really did much good except prepare the way for World War III has given impetus to the attitude that the goal of education should be preparation for a profession, and the only real good for the individual lies in his economic superiority to his fellows. Whatever the causes, the humanities are being thrown on the defensive once more. The proponent of liberal education is being challenged by his technically-minded students, and often by the very students who showed most promise for liberal education when they were first released from the services. The trend is toward another scholastic generation of trained and intellectually illiterate technicians.

The purpose of education in a democracy is the production of free men. Instead of free men, we have succeeded in turning out skilled technicians in various fields. Under our conditions of specialization, the technical training given in our colleges and universities has been the training which has justified itself pragmatically. Almost all teachers in higher education are specialists: the tragedy is that most are no more than specialists. The need for direction and meaning in education, of which Mr. Cooke writes, cannot now be satisfied by the teachers themselves. A reorientation of the curriculum around philosophy and ethics, which Mr. Cooke advocates, will not, of itself, give meaning to the educative process. We have believed too often in changes in the educational system which will produce free men infallibly, and we should realize that no mechanical educational nostrum will achieve the result.

What is needed is a re-education of our teachers. Unless teachers can present values with facts, no amount of isolated study in value subjects will suffice to give meaning to disparate facts in various fields. In the broadest sense, all teachers instruct in the humanities, for what meaning has any subject matter until it is related to human problems? When teachers realize they are teaching men to be free, not teaching them to be physicians, lawyers or business men as the primary objective, we can look for the meaningless character of contemporary education to give way to a more coherent pattern. Until teachers become educators of the whole man, and not primarily chemists, sociologists or psychologists, we cannot hope that students will be introduced to the basic ideas and ideals of the race — which are meaningless until they become the priceless personal possessions of the individual.

James A. Pait
Associate Professor of Philosophy
Emory University, Georgia

Morituri Salutamus

Worthy GIs, present surveyors and future purveyors of education, I congratulate you on the discovery of a great new truth, a truth to end all truth. You complain that education as you find it is "old hat," that professors are reading from notes on faded paper, and that schools need to become re-adjusted, re-oriented, re-aligned, in short, re-. This means, I take it, that real truth is of today, for yesterday's truth is already out of date.

(I wonder, incidentally, that in that case you take the trouble to talk about it. For on your own premises what you assert today you will have to deny tomorrow.)

This discovery has immense theoretical and practical importance. The state can now do away with all but vocational and training schools, thus not only saving billions in taxes, but also freeing thousands of parasites like me for some useful form of work. Also, we can abolish libraries and most of the book business and all but technical and trade journals, leaving in print only the daily

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newspaper, which finds it easy to ignore, if not to deny, what it said yesterday in proclaiming the truth of today. It is staggering to contemplate the amount of energy, now being daily wasted by publishers, printers, editors, librarians and writers of every complexion, which will then be available for the really practical pursuits of life.

Indeed, the vista which you open up is so vast that I find it impossible here to do more than lift a senile finger and point to it. I am sure that one of you, now that you get your own drift, will chart the future course of the ship of thought between the scylla of abstract speculation and the charybdis of applied theory.

Bayard Quincy Morgan
Professor, Dept. of Germanic Languages
Stanford University, California

Military and College Teaching

Criticizing the average college professor as "weak and ineffectual," compared to the vigorous teachers of the Armed Services, Mr. Kinberg denies the validity of the argument that each is charged with a different task. He implies that, since the veteran is accustomed to the military method of teaching, the college teacher, for better or worse, should perpetuate it. I disagree.

Education in the army and education in college are quite different in purpose. Faced with the urgent necessity of training millions of men, in a pitifully short time, to save their own lives and to take the lives of others, military education concentrated upon developing specific skills, usually muscular, sometimes mental. Thus, frequent repetition of four movements, demonstrated again and again by the instructor, taught the soldier a quick and effective method of using a gas mask; a few long days spent field-stripping a pistol resulted in his being able to perform the routine actions blindfolded. The motivation for learning the correct responses came, for me at least, not from the instructor's inspiring method of "getting the information and spirit across," but from my wish to remain alive. Similarly, through understandable "inability to slow the pace," the army taught me in just nine days how to operate Direction Finding Equipment, stressing the proper buttons to push at the proper times to insure the desired result — with almost no regard to the Why and How. This superficial brand of education seems to me justified — indeed, almost inevitable — during a death struggle with a vicious enemy. But that postwar college courses should embrace the military methodology of expediency and haste, simply because the veteran's mind is "geared" to it, is, I think, an unsound idea.

A college education, Mr. Kinberg correctly points out, is more than books and classrooms, more than courses and credits. Culture cannot be taught in five easy lessons, nor can an understanding of the present, based on the long, involved history of the past, be condensed in Army Field Manual style, with each significant point numbered and indexed. If that is what the veteran wants (and I doubt it), he will not find it in our colleges, for they do not function on military principles. Certainly there are many teachers who are behind the times in their methods. Change is needed. But whether the colleges, by prostituting their standards of what constitutes a good education in order to go along with the veteran in his wish for a speedy training, will change for the better, is questionable. And whether even "mediocre" teachers can learn from military education the secret of vigorous, inspired teaching — teaching of lasting value — is doubtful.

Perhaps some group interested in better education for students in general and for veterans in particular — why not Phi Beta Kappa? — might work to effect a compromise. A searching analysis of the flaws in postwar higher education might be made, and the findings presented to educators for their consideration. At the same time, to veterans might go a plea for understanding and an admonition that, although a degree may be obtained quickly, an education must allow time for ideas to simmer in the mind while the student develops the power to see life steadily and see it whole.

Marvin Magalaner
Department of English
The City College of New York

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The Road to Major Changes

For at least ten years before the veterans filled up the colleges, leading educators were insisting that the American higher educational system needed revision. Obvious problems of increased enrollments could be met by putting quonsets around Old Main, but the important difficulties have been sidetracked on the whole, even if the largest student body in history has made many of them stand out as a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Ph.D. fetish stands firm, and in the greatest teacher shortage in history many administrations are unwilling to offer satisfactory faculty posts to persons, however qualified, who lack the mystic blessing of three degrees. Teaching methods remain unchanged, and such techniques as the use of phonograph records or visual education materials are found in only a few college classrooms, despite their successful utilization in the armed forces and progressive elementary and secondary schools.

The lecture remains the standard, only now the same harangue that was delivered to twenty students during the depression is offered to an amorphous mob who write examinations in mass and seem to pass through courses in herds without making genuine contacts with their school or their teachers. Often they are insulated from the faculty by graduate and even undergraduate assistants of questionable ability, and it is not unusual for a student to know all the local bartenders better than any of his instructors.

If government-subsidized higher education for qualified young people is to end when those coming under the GI Bill finish their schooling, we may look forward to returning to the obvious evils of the prewar, country club campus. If, however, this investment in an educated and responsible citizenry can be made a pattern for a general extension of the limits of publicly supported education, American higher learning should begin to move toward the major changes which will be necessary.

Robert Marsh
College of Liberal Arts and Sciences
Chicago Undergraduate Division
University of Illinois

The Opportunity for American Leadership

All six of the participants in the last issue's Forum stressed the intense interest of the ex-GI student in "practical" college courses — the ones, as Mr. Cooke stated, which will help him by "knowledge and reason, to refashion and improve our world." Those of us who were in the services want to know more about the problems of today — whether in the realms of law, science, business, politics or international relations. It is in the latter field, it seems to me, that our homeland faces its great contest today, and, by all indications, for decades to come. The opportunity — nay, the vital need — for American leadership in world affairs finds few men trained in economics, history, diplomacy, comparative government, sociology, geopolitics, etc., on an international level, whether we look into our Congress, the State Department, or the universities. Who in those high places, let alone laymen, can comprehensively answer such questions as: Why is England facing economic collapse? What shall be our policy toward the U.S.S.R.? How can Germany be prevented from arising a third time as an aggressor? Many of us veterans are seeking to tie the answers gained from academic perspective to the world relationships of the present. What a challenge to the colleges!

The tools we veterans find are generally inadequate. In many of the largest universities, graduate institutions included, courses in international affairs are traditionally buried in departments of government, political science or history, rather than integrated into an organized, if small, curriculum. True, a few, such as this university, Yale and others, as well as such specialists as Georgetown and Fletcher, have done so. But the vast majority have failed to produce, and must now catch up. Surely America's new position and responsibility, with its accompanying necessity for trained leadership abroad, should stimulate academic administrators and faculties to meet *immediately* the present demand from the men who helped solve the nation's last international dilemma amid the horrors of the battlefield. Not only should

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these programs be available, but the colleges should encourage their students, whether "liberals" or "scientists," to participate and thus prepare to exert intelligent public opinions on international problems. This would help to create, as Mr. Higham says, "skilled, informed citizens out of an uprooted generation." Building thus on the lessons of the GI Bill, the colleges can better meet the expanded demands for higher education, which it appears will continue indefinitely.

Professor Toynbee, speaking of how peoples can best be induced to accept peaceful methods instead of war, said, "What shall we do to be saved? Our problem is to complete our education." Let us start with our basic education in world relationships.

Franklyn A. Johnson
Program in International Affairs
Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

A Tragic Group

The excellent contributions to the Forum have failed, it seems to me, to consider the problems of one group of veterans studying at American universities and colleges whose situation is, at the very least, saddening, and indeed, probably tragic. Even before the influx of veterans, there was always a group of students at every college beset by uncertainty as to the work they wanted to do or the role they hoped to fill in society upon graduation. Sincere and sensitive, they lingered on through four years of the liberal arts (or academic) curriculum, waiting for a "revelation" or "dogma" (though they consciously resented such names) which would lead or inspire them to find themselves in life.

The veteran who was painfully groping thus as a student when called to service very often returns to school with the uncertainty and confusion intensified, rather than resolved. But now, in common with his fellow-veterans (who see the future more clearly), he is infected by the "germ of wasted time," and feels, as Mr. Kinberg says, that his "precious twenties are slipping away."

The anomaly and tragedy, however, is that the acceleration that *this* veteran undertakes in attempting to "catch up" is doubly pointless — for it is a redoubling of effort toward an unknown goal, indeed, toward no goal at all. The veteran takes extra courses each semester and continues to attend school during the summers — all in a painfully incongruous rush which, upon reflection, is little if not ludicrous, and nothing if not pitiful.

Pointing up the existence of this doubly-bewildered group may do something to destroy the stereotype of the clear-eyed, determined and resourceful returning veteran who knows exactly what he wants from life (let alone what he hopes to contribute to it) and how he proposes to go about getting it. More important, perhaps it will make the teachers and friends of these veterans partly conscious of the burden which grew so in wartime, and is becoming so much more oppressive in the blind rush and "free" atmosphere of peace.

Israel Shenker
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Veterans Are Not Socially Conscious

The veteran generally has returned solidly to the intellectual rut from which his induction notice summoned him. He is not implementing the ideals of social cooperation imprinted on his mind, indelibly, he thought, by service-acquired insights which tied together all the heterogeneous experience of his civilian-soldier life. The responsibility of the individual to his society, once clearly seen as necessary for the survival of the individual and his civilization, has been abandoned in the struggle to gain security and reshape disrupted everyday living. Thus carried into the colleges, self-interest and the spirit of rugged individualism are invading our strongholds of humanitarianism and threaten to mis-educate our best intellectual talent.

Student veterans are exposing themselves far too little to the college activities which train them socially as well as intellectually — to the activities which integrate their ex-

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perience into bases for active leadership and social living. The college is not leaving its mark on their personalities. It is important that veteran students, like other students, participate fully in many types of activities. Along with their academic education, they will need to be able to handle themselves well in a complicated world. They will need to know how to work with others, how to organize a program, how to carry it through. Playing a part in many teams develops the poise and personality that enables one to take a directing part in his community.

On the academic side of college, the veteran is largely ignoring history and philosophy for the more utilitarian sciences and "social sciences." He does not sufficiently realize that history and philosophy are the background of fact and thought from which economics, sociology, political science and social psychology are derived, and that they transcend pure science. Rather than wrestling with problems as they relate to the cosmos, he learns to view knowledge as finished tools which can be easily sorted into categories of the same titles as the departments in which courses are offered.

The consequence is that the ordinary student has no appreciation of his generation in the flux of time. He is not aware that the cultural lag has never been so far behind scientific application, and that our social institutions will have to advance at a revolutionary pace or the atom bomb will get us. He does not understand that, in any event, we are in for a generation of action, disorder and conflict, in which only the intelligent and tough-minded will stand a chance of being leaders. Lastly, he does not realize that the democratic concept, embodying Christian ethics, equality, individual rights and the vital principle of self-correction through free criticism, is the single greatest contribution to human thought. Nothing should be more clear and distinct than these things in the student veteran's mind.

Howard E. Schuchmann
Lebanon, Illinois

Coming . . .

Portrait of John Dewey . . . . . *Sidney Hook*
A Biologist Looks at War . . . . . *Paul Zahl*
The Midwestern Origins of America . . . . . *Joseph E. Baker*
1848–1948: *The Communist Manifesto* . . . . . *Edmund Fuller*
Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) . . . . . *Sara Ruth Watson*
The Atom and the Economy . . *Vincent H. Whitney, Walter Isard*
Jules Romains Despairs of Men of Good Will . . *Aaron Schaffer*
The Russian Soul: An English Literary Pattern *Dorothy Brewster*
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Thomas Davidson — Educator for Democracy . . *Louis I. Dublin*

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Joseph A. Brandt

The Columbia Encyclopedia, edited by Clarke F. Ansley. New York: Columbia University Press. $19.50.

The Dictionary of American English, edited by Sir William Alexander Craigie and James R. Hulbert. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 4 volumes. $100. Out of print.

Knowledge for What? The Place of Social Science in American Culture, by Robert S. Lynd. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.50.

Reveille for Radicals, by Saul D. Alinsky. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2.75.

The Road to Serfdom, by Friedrich A. Hayek. With foreword by John Chamberlain. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2.75.

Deserts on the March, by Paul B. Sears. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $2.50.

Plowman's Folly, by Edward H. Faulkner. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $2.00.

Sweden: The Middle Way, by Marquis W. Childs. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.00.

Management and the Worker: An Account of a Research Program Conducted by the Western Electric Company, Hawthorne Works, Chicago; by F. J. Roethlisberger and William J. Dickson; with the assistance and collaboration of Harold A. Wright. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $4.50.

Atomic Energy for Military Purposes: The Official Report on the Development of the Atomic Bomb under the Auspices of the United States Government, 1940–1945, by Harry DeWolf Smyth. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

Child Care and Training, by Marion L. Faegre and John E. Anderson. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. $3.25.

All These People: The Nation's Human Resources in the South, by Rupert B. Vance; in collaboration with Nadia Danilevsky. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $5.00.

What the Negro Wants, edited by Rayford W. Logan. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

◎ Now president of Henry Holt and Company, JOSEPH A. BRANDT was the first director of the University of Oklahoma Press, and then, successively, director of university presses at Princeton and Chicago.

Almost from the creation of the first university press, more than fifty years ago, the scholarly presses of this country have been publishing books which have helped in the molding of American society. Among the earliest and most noteworthy of such books were John Dewey's *School and Society*, published by the University of Chicago Press shortly before the turn of the century, and Edwin R. A. Seligman's *The Economic Interpretation of History*, published in 1902 by the Columbia University Press.

Still, it has been only in recent years that the university presses have received their just due in critical acclaim for their books and their authors. For many years, it seemed that the word "scholarly" was almost tainted — so sedulously were scholarly books avoided by the critics. In defense of the critics, however, it should be reported that many of the books were incredibly dull, written frequently with no audience in mind — and so badly that reading them meant, even for a proud wife, a labor of love.

Furthermore, unlike the general or so-called commercial publishers, the university presses did not make a consistent practice of developing their authors into literary properties; they were content to be "one-book" publishers. And they were inclined to favor age in an author rather than youth. The general publisher likes to find his authors young and carry them through to increasing prosperity. Witter Bynner, who once was a reader for Henry Holt, observed to this writer that Mr. Holt had cautioned him not to recommend an author over the age of thirty-five.

"And why not?" Mr. Bynner asked, in some astonishment.

Mr. Holt explained then his belief that any

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author beyond the age of thirty-five would produce fewer books for the publisher than one younger, and the publisher would realize less on his investment in the author.

Much has changed, however, in the past twenty years in university press attitudes and practices. The presses are highly professional in the conduct of their business, and frequently startle the commercial world with their best sellers. True, it must be confessed that many a professor shakes his head sadly when someone mentions a particular selling success brought out by his own press. There was something exclusive and medieval about the scholarly book which was sure not to sell more than five hundred copies. Books like these are still being published, but they are now subordinated to the larger interests of public welfare.

And the question of public welfare was never of such paramount importance in the academic world as now. While the classroom remains the training ground for America's youth, the work of research still goes on, and from that research come books which concern us all. Many professors are realizing that theirs is a public as well as private trust, and the tragedy is that not more realize the time-inflation which a year represents now as against the sleepy days when McKinley was president. So the university presses, alert to the new high station of the scholar, are more and more becoming publishers to the people as well as to the exclusive fraternity of scholars.

This change can be dramatically demonstrated by choosing from among the many books published by the presses in the past decade a number which, in various ways, have passed far beyond the academic portals into the nation at large. Among these, we find some which cautious commercial publishers feared to issue, such as the now celebrated report on *Atomic Energy for Military Purposes* by Harry D. Smyth, *The Road to Serfdom* by Friedrich A. Hayek, and *Plowman's Folly* by Edward H. Faulkner. On the other hand, two of the works were so costly that they could be undertaken by university presses only. These were, of course, the one-volume *Columbia Encyclopedia*, conceived and edited by Clarke F. Ansley, and the *Dictionary of American English*, edited by Sir William Alexander Craigie (co-editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*) and James R. Hulbert.

Each of these latter enterprises cost well into a half-million dollars, occupied years of patient work, and must rank among the most notable scholarly contributions made by Americans during this century.

Mr. Ansley, with many years of experience in the editing of reference books, had for a long time dreamed of a one-volume encyclopedia which would be authoritative, reasonably exhaustive, and usable. Finally, he broached his idea to Frederick Coykendall, then director of the Columbia University Press. The time was not propitious, for the depression had just begun its most serious inroads into our economy, but Mr. Coykendall became just as enthusiastic as Mr. Ansley. Soon the latter and a staff began the laborious task, which saw a triumphal conclusion in 1935, when the book appeared. Although it sold for $17.50 at the time, quite a high price for a book during the depression, it enjoyed not only the highest critical acclaim but was a commercial success. It has made a place for itself as an indispensable and standard handy reference work, and is under continuous revision to keep it current with a meteoric time.

The Dictionary of American English is unusual among modern dictionaries in that it is probably the only historical dictionary which confines itself with reasonable certainty to the inclusion of words purely indigenous to one nation. Sir William Craigie had pointed out that with the *Oxford English Dictionary*, which is built on historical principles, it was impossible to isolate with certainty those words which were purely English in origin. Only in a country like the United States, with a modern date of foundation, could words which had originated in this country be isolated with certainty from English or foreign derivation.

This, then, was the basis of the *Dictionary of American English*. Sir William — associating with him Professor Hulbert of Chicago, Mitford M. Matthews, who continues as head of the dictionary department of the University of Chicago Press, and a large

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staff — aided by a generous grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, began the intense research into words of purely American origin.

Issuance of the complete *Dictionary* in four volumes in January, 1944, was a publishing phenomenon, since the book was out of print on publication date and has remained so since. When work was sufficiently far enough along that the ultimate length of the completed dictionary could be determined with reasonable accuracy, the University of Chicago Press invited subscriptions from libraries and from individuals at a pre-publication price. On the basis of these subscriptions and on the assumption that by quadrupling them the Press would have enough sets on hand to supply demand for some years to come, publication was begun in fascicles, which were sent to the subscribers, the remaining being kept for the complete set. A specially made rag paper was ordered, enough for 2,500 sets. Subscriptions continued to come in as the fascicles appeared, but not in startling quantity.

Publication, however, coincided with the greatest "bull market" in books ever experienced by American publishers, and during the year before publication, the remaining sets were subscribed for. Since type had been distributed for the earlier fascicles, it was impossible, without great expense, or through the use of photo-offset, to make complete additional sets. Consequently, since the *Dictionary* received page-one review attention over the country, hundreds of prospective buyers were both disappointed and indignant.

Why, these foiled purchasers demanded, was not a second printing made? Apart from the reason already given, the major factor in not issuing further printings was that the *Dictionary* was in fact obsolete on publication date. Being an historical dictionary, it cites words when they first appear in use. And since the *Dictionary* appeared serially over a period of years, scholars and amateurs alike assaulted Sir William, as he had hoped they would, with earlier appearances, as well as with entirely new words.

The obsolescence of the dictionary in no way lessens its value or charm; but having

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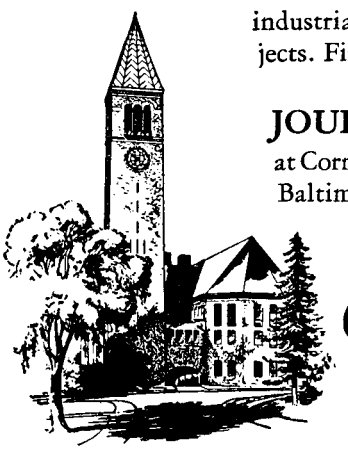

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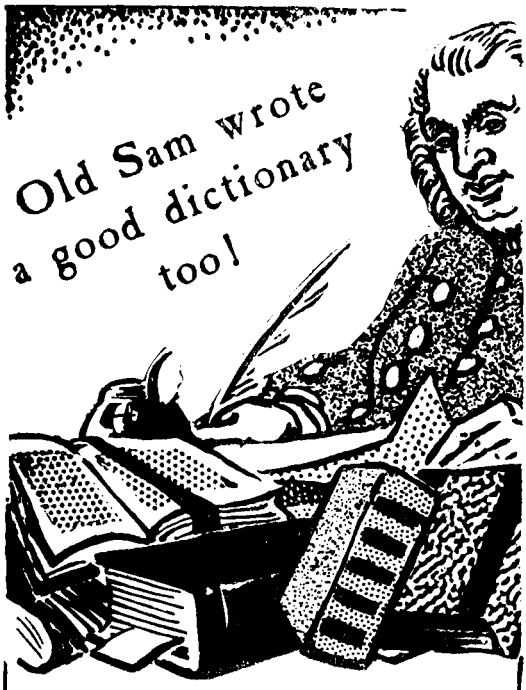

PATRON—as defined by Dr. Samuel Johnson in his famous *English Dictionary:*

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pa·tron (pā′trŭn), *n.* [<Lat. *patronus*, patron <*pater*, father], 1, a guardian or protector; 2, an upholder or supporter; as, a *patron* of music; in the 17th and 18th centuries, especially in England, a person of wealth and rank who provided financial support to a writer who paid him tribute in his works; 3, in England, one having the right of bestowing a benefice upon a clergyman; 4, in business, a regular customer; 5, a man who lends his support to a social or charitable event: *Rom. Hist.*, 1, a person of rank who acted as protector for one called a client; 2, a master who had liberated a slave, but retained a paternal interest in him; *Eccl.*, a special saint who acts as guardian or protector of an individual, church, or institution:—*adj.* giving aid or acting as guardian; as, a *patron* saint or deity.

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anticipated that extensive revisions would have to be made, the University of Chicago Press had begun, well in advance of final publication of the *Dictionary*, preparation of a selective revision, which will be published in a cheaper edition at some future date. So one of the most valuable contributions ever made to American scholarship will be kept alive.

In selecting from among the notable university press publications a limited number of "bench mark" books, the SCHOLAR's guest reviewer realizes that he is putting his head into the proverbial lion's mouth. For bold, indeed, is he who will attempt to assay the work of scholars in anything but terms of scholarship. But just as THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, created in the image of Emerson's scholar, frequently outrages the conventional mind, so must this reviewer claim that some books, more than others, have brought some changes, either large or small, in our thinking processes. While this reviewer has had the advice of a number of his former associates in press publishing, the selections are his own, for he must be frank to say that some of his former associates thought he was being rash.

Five books from those selected stand in a class by themselves as social innovators. Three of the five authors are academic scholars, two are men engaged in practical work. All five books were widely read, variously commented on, and continue to be discussed years after publication.

The most original and the broadest in its social implications is Robert S. Lynd's *Knowledge for What?: The Place of Social Science in American Culture.* As a book for scholars, it is without question one of the most important, if not the most important, published in this country this century. It has far-reaching implications for the non-scholar, as well. It is exactly what the title indicates, an examination as to what use knowledge is, if it hasn't a social value. It is a dynamic plea, almost a prayer, for the social scientist technician, in his practice, and the social scientist scholar, in his leisure, to concern himself with the immediacy of the threat to all human beings of events which do not wait on leisure or techniques and which do

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threaten the structure of society. Written in 1938, and published in the threatening year of 1939, this book, which is now in its fifth printing, is as alive, as vibrant, as necessary as when first published. Mr. Lynd's analysis of the American culture pattern and his exciting concluding hypotheses are necessary reading for all concerned with the preservation of a society which can be said to represent a culture.

At one point in his book, Mr. Lynd concerns himself with the decreasing democracy of America, as evidenced by urban and corporate growth. Saul D. Alinsky's *Reveille for Radicals*, a report on a practical effort to make urban democracy real, is a natural complement to Mr. Lynd's vigorous polemic. While Mr. Alinsky might reasonably be identified as a scholar, since he is one of our great penologists, he would not qualify strictly as a scholar, since he is a man of action. It is a peculiar characteristic of the Industrial Age that scholarship is almost completely divorced from a sense that reason is practical; it is obvious that both Luther and Savonarola would have had an even more difficult time today than they had when they tried to arouse the spirit of mankind; and, of course, we ourselves crucified our last prophet, Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Alinsky, while serving as a penologist in the Illinois prison system, became more and more concerned with the fact that so many prisoners he interviewed had not had a chance, due to the economics of the environment in which they had grown up. (In this connection, one should read Wilbur LaRoe's *Parole with Honor*, published by Princeton University Press, to realize the difficulties any convict faces in returning to society as presumably an honest man.) Big cities, Mr. Alinsky found, submerged the individual as a voting, democratic force. Tenements meant that streets were playgrounds; but contiguity did not mean social amenability — the Polish Catholic priest might well sneer at the Irish Catholic, while the Negro and the White, the plumber and the packer, proved mutually hostile. It was to counteract the inability of the "town meeting" spirit to prevail in sprawling cities that Mr. Alinsky conceived the idea of the Industrial Areas

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Foundation, established in the packing center of Chicago and since developed in many other cities. His book is a primer of how urban democracy might be made real and articulate.

Friedrich A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* is almost exactly the opposite in point of view to Messrs. Lynd and Alinsky. Both of the latter are in some agreement that society must have planning, while Mr. Hayek, deeply impressed by what he observed in his native Austria and neighboring Germany, feels that over-all national planning must inevitably result in abdication of individual rights. The book was published toward the end of the New Deal and aroused widespread attention, as well as the most acrimonious controversy, both in the academic and commercial world. The book showed, as probably nothing else could, how great those social cleavages about which Mr. Lynd had warned us had become in this country. It also illustrated the peculiar and necessary independence of the university press as a publishing force in this country. Many commercial publishers tend to publish books with which they agree. University presses, as a rule, publish what they think is honest cerebration, regardless of agreement with the conclusions held by the author. Mr. Hayek himself confessed considerable surprise when he learned that the director of the press which had published his book held with the New Deal, because, as he said, in England even university presses tended to identify themselves with the point of view expressed by the books they published. But Mr. Hayek's book, despite many conclusions which were not applicable to the United States, since the book was designed essentially for an English-European audience, was a thoughtfully conceived analysis of the dangers in national planning which ultimately might destroy the right of the individual.

The three books just discussed are concerned with the survival of man, the thinker; the next two are concerned with the survival of man as man, the animal. The soil, together with air and water, is among the most priceless possessions of man; yet it is treated with the most callous disregard.

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Edward H. Faulkner's *Plowman's Folly* is perhaps the most extraordinary book published by any university press during this century. It has had the largest sale, but one, of any university press book. But that is only a small claim to its fame, since it flew in the face of the most conservative of all elements of American society, the farmer, with the dramatic plea to abandon the moldboard plough, the foundation on which American agriculture had been built. Mr. Faulkner argued that the best instructor in farming was Nature herself, and he risked his modest family fortune in proving he was right.

The moldboard plough is still in general use, but many persons have taken to heart Mr. Faulkner's persuasive message. As with so many other aspects of American life, agriculture is largely in the hands of a trust — that of the agricultural colleges of the country, which are supported in part by federal funds. Most of the farm agents (Mr. Faulkner was once one himself) are graduates of these colleges. Their help is limited to the practical, and rarely extends to such radical innovations as Mr. Faulkner suggests. Encouragingly enough, farmers, who are reputed to read few books, have read and are reading and discussing *Plowman's Folly.* Any amateur gardener who has a spirit of adventure can try Mr. Faulkner's prescription in his own garden. Many have; and, perhaps since they are only amateurs, have found themselves in agreement with the Heretic of Elyria.

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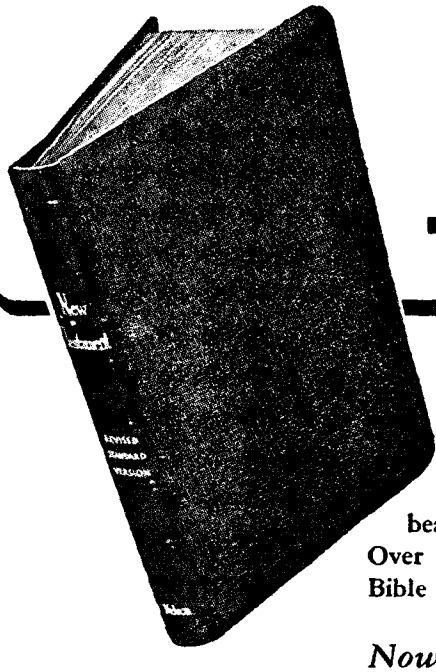

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eagerly to Marquis W. Childs's *Sweden: The Middle Way*. Mr. Childs, like Mr. Faulkner, is a non-academic scholar; he is a Washington correspondent, with a liking for people, a desire that our way of life continue, an impatience with extremes. (A kindred spirit is Thomas L. Stokes, whose *Chip Off My Shoulder* is a plea for moderation in the United States.) Mr. Childs made an exhaustive study of cooperatives in Sweden, the way in which they reconciled themselves with democracy and venture capital, and how Sweden and the Scandinavian countries retained the greatest freedom and were satisfied with braking the forces of extremism with compromise. It is pleasing to know that this book has gone through three editions and fifteen printings since its publication in 1936. A new introduction to the third edition, published this year, is the result of Mr. Childs's recent visit to Sweden. As we enter a new era of intolerance, Mr. Childs's book might well be required reading for the American who would like to retain his sanity.

That moderation in our country is possible, however, is amply demonstrated by *Management and the Worker: An Account of a Research Program Conducted by the Western Electric Company, Hawthorne Works*, by F. J. Roethlisberger, an associate professor of industrial research in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, and William J. Dickson, chief of the employee relations research department of the Western Electric Company, Hawthorne Works. This is a complete, scholarly and extremely interesting account of a twelve-year program of research, beginning around 1927, into management-labor relations of one of America's major corporations. This book, first published in 1939, is now in its eighth printing. It is not exactly easy reading, but is extremely engrossing and comforting. The labor-management relations of a number of our largest corporations, such as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Standard Oil Company, to cite only two, make one realize that the many strike headlines do not completely represent the true state of American capitalism at the crossroads.

The Smyth report, as it is almost uni-

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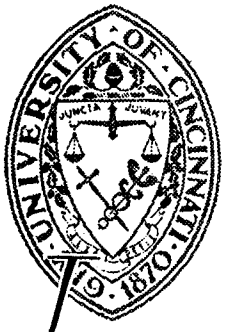

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versally known, is now part of publishing history. It was rejected by commercial houses because it was too technical; it was published by a university press and overnight became the nation's best seller. It proves — as do all the works cited in this Revolving Bookstand — that the American reader likes solid, honest stuff. It proves also — as indicated by the inclusion of only two works of science in this ten-year survey of American scholarly publishing — that the scientist has an audience, if he will write for it. This reviewer has reported elsewhere on his belief that the scientist — that is, the "pure" scientist — has been lax in taking the public into his confidence. He shares Mr. Lynd's view of the failure of the social scientist in doing the same.

Since the majority of the books reported on are concerned with a society in transition, it is fitting that we note what is probably the pioneer work concerned with the infant as a prospective member of a thinking culture — a redundancy, true, but we wonder? It is *Child Care and Training* by Marion L. Faegre of the United States Children's Bureau, and John E. Anderson, director of the Institute of Child Welfare of the University of Minnesota. This book concerned itself with the complex emotional relationship between parent and child. Earlier books, it is true, had advised the parent what to do before the doctor came; here was the first considered attempt to make the parent aware of the emotional and conditional factors in our society which affect the growing child. This book is now in its seventh edition and is perhaps the best illustration of the collaboration between educational institutions, essentially designed for the immature, and the adult, for whom universities have created that fabulous institution known as the "extension" division. Your reviewer, the parent of three children, has read extensively in the literature which concerns itself with the future adult, and must confess he has found nothing to replace this book in comprehensibility.

Broad policies that indicate an acute interest in the future of our society exist in most university presses. Oklahoma has its long-sustained series on *The Civilization of*

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the American Indian, which is an effort to uncover the contribution of the Indian to our civilization, in the manner in which the classicist tries to discover what the Greeks offered us. (This series includes the first Book-of-the-Month Club selection from a university press, *Wah'kon-tah: The Osage and the White Man's Road*, by John Joseph Mathews. This series provides the best interpretation of the American Indian to the modern reader.)

The University of North Carolina Press, while having no comparable series, has consistently published books dealing with the social welfare of the South as a region. The most notable of these books is *Southern Regions of the United States* by Howard W. Odum. Prior to Mr. Odum's work, historians, following Frederick Jackson Turner, had tended to view American history in terms of sections; but Mr. Odum directs us toward a regional conception of America. Published in 1936, Mr. Odum's book had already the evidence of the Southern Agrarians, led by such writers as Allen Tate, to indicate that intellectually we had arrived at the regional concept. Mr. Odum is concerned with the fact that, in such a continental vastness as the United States, it is important for each region, with its peculiar environment, to reach its fullest expression.

How the human resources of the South can best serve the nation is the subject of subsequent research by Rupert B. Vance, in collaboration with Nadia Danilevsky. Mr. Vance's book, like its predecessor, is profusely illustrated with charts and maps. Both books require some patience in reading, but both are necessary to an understanding of the part the South is now playing in the development of our continental republic. (In a sense, *Culture in the South*, edited by William T. Couch, for many years director of the University of North Carolina Press, is an illuminating preface to these two books.)

One of the great books — great in idea and execution — is *What the Negro Wants*, edited by Rayford W. Logan. Each of fourteen Negroes was asked to state what he wanted in American society for his race. The contributors — chosen to represent both lib-

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eral and conservative opinion — were given free rein to express themselves. They ranged from the editor — who said the Negro wants first-class citizenship — to Sterling Brown, Langston Hughes, A. Philip Randolph, and other leaders in the advancement of the Negro.

The result is a vigorous and vital contribution to our understanding of American culture. That one must praise the University of North Carolina Press for publishing this book, is a sad commentary upon American civilization. It is indicative of the soul-sickness in American culture, implied by Mr. Lynd in his urgings to the social scientist. A tenth of our population lives among us as unwanted visitors. To publish what this tenth wants becomes an act of courage.

Time, according to Mr. Lynd, does not wait upon either leisure or technique. Human nature, as Alfred Einstein remarked on a Columbia broadcast some months ago, can be changed and should be changed. This reviewer remembers the furor which Mr. Logan's book aroused when first published, and he can only paraphrase Mr. Logan: There can be only citizenship or none, and citizenship has to be first class. That is the task of American society — otherwise, scholarship is merely pretense.

In the Winter Number . . .

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND will present Stanley Newburger as guest reviewer.

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